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# WITH CAR AND CAMERA

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Portrait of a young man

By a pupil of Alvise Vivarini—In the collection of the author

# THROUGH ITALY

## WITH CAR AND CAMERA

BY

DAN FELLOWS PLATT

*WITH TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS*

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# PREFACE.

THE author has not been able to resist the temptation to make a book of these notes, taken on a trip whose memories, with their strong appeal to one's varied æsthetic sensibilities, form a most pleasurable mental store.

Early September would have been a better time for starting than was October. The month's delay brought us colder nights in the mountain towns of central Italy than were desirable. December, too, found crushed stone on many of the roads, the avoidance of which would make a saving in tire expense.

Our trip was unique. One after the other, small and large, the centres of Italy's past artistic activity were visited. Most of them we had previously visited, a fact which permitted us sufficient speed to keep unbroken the continuity of our general art survey. Art gave us many happy hours—hours well defined in memory. Nature formed the setting and more than doubled the beauty of the whole. Italy sums up all of Nature's moods: sea, sky and plain, lake, river, and mountain—she has them all in unsurpassed variety. From the snow-capped peaks of the Cisalpine country to the orange-groves of the south, she charms her lovers with her changing beauty of form and colour.

Pilgrims to her shores will ever bear our envy and our God-speed.

I make no excuse for the many references to pictures. He must be wilfully blind who refuses the pleasure and benefit of the artistic experience which is the chief end of a trip to Italy. The reader to whom pictures make no appeal will be hopelessly out of sympathy with our trip and a description of it, even though our greatest pleasure came from the changing wonder of the landscape, varying from day to day in a manner impossible save in a country like Italy, where a line of hills or a river may separate districts that are distinct in a dozen ways. To describe all this, the colour of it, the freshness of it, the charm and appeal of it, is beyond my powers, so perforce I must expatiate when I come to the artistic, hoping to be helpful to some and interesting to others if I set down accurately the impressions created on the spot by the works of local artists.

Catholicity of taste, in its avoidance of narrowness, is an excellent thing, but I premise that true catholicity will exclude all but the truly good in all ages. Beyond my comprehension is a taste that applauds a Carlo Dolci and yet goes into raptures over a Tura, a Piero dei Franceschi, or the early Sienese. Carlo and Sassoferrato make their appeal to beginners in art-study. Rightly guided, the evolution of taste is not only rapid but almost invariably in one direction. The really great artistic personality is ultimately sure

to draw to himself the love of those who are exposed to the influence of his work. We may mourn the taste of an age that applauds an Asti, yet the certainty that his art will be condemned by posterity should make us patient. Opportunity to exert their influence is all that the big men want, and that is coming to them, more and more, through education, travel, and the multiplication of photographs.

My thanks are due Signor Guido Chiesa-Gagliardi, of Florence, for his notes on the life of Federico of Urbino, and to Messrs. Alinari, of Florence, and Signor Anderson, of Rome, for the use of their excellent photographs.

DAN FELLOWS PLATT.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY,
Sept. 2 1907.

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MAP . . . . . AT END

# THROUGH ITALY WITH CAR AND CAMERA

## CHAPTER I.

### THE MONT CENIS, TURIN, VARALLO, MILAN.

WE were a thankful party as we drew up before the Albergo della Posta at the top of the Mont Cenis. The last few kilometres of the ascent from Susa had given us an idea of the fickleness of Alpine weather. From the warmth of a brilliant early October morning we had run up skyward into a veritable blizzard of ice, which came into our faces with a velocity that the speed of our "Fiat" did nothing to mitigate. It was the trial trip of both motor and chauffeur, and the latter, "Bertoni" as we called him, felt that he ought to make a record. It will be a long time before the occupants of the tonneau forget how those rear wheels skidded around the turns as we went up the zigzag road from Molaretto to the custom-house at Bard. We could ask for no better test of the car's hill-climbing abilities. From Susa to the top of the pass, a distance of seventeen miles, there is a rise of five thousand feet.

As we came in sight of the Italian barracks near the top, a word of warning from Bertoni caused us to stow away our kodaks. Military reasons confiscate cameras that come into the neighbourhood, for we are on the frontier. As we stopped, a young lieutenant stepped forward and greeted Bertoni, who, it turned out, had been, as a recruit, in his command. We refused his offered cordial and sought warmth in the cheerless-looking albergo. Its hospitality was above its appearance and we were soon busy in the discussion of trout, fresh from a neighbouring lake, and some very palatable broiled chicken. Bertoni's appetite delayed our return. Until we became used to it, his absorption of "pasta" was almost miraculous. We started down again in better weather, but found the curves even worse than on the upward journey.

As we dropped lower and lower into the warmth of October chestnut leaves, the fresh snow of the mountain tops called for more lofty glances. Arrived at the ancient town of Susa, we made our way to the ruined Roman aqueduct and the triumphal arch built by Augustus. We had a fine view of arch and town through the courtesy of some French nuns, who, recent exiles from France in the struggle against the religious orders, had purchased an adjoining property. A number of the sisters were working in the vineyard during our visit, making a picturesque group. Susa is a town most fortunate in its situation. Dropped into a fit setting near the foot of the mountains, Nature has

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mothered the old Roman remains of arch and aqueduct and added to their charm. We lingered long, and, going at last, promised ourselves to come again.

Our hopes of a quick trip back to Turin, which we had left in the morning, were fruitless, for our speed was checked by the great number of cattle in the road, coming down from the higher levels on the approach of cold weather. We should have been thankful for the delay, for too much speed through such a rare land-

SUSA.

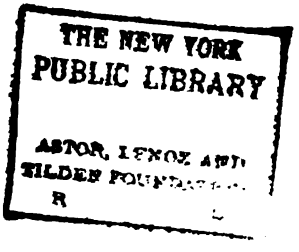
scape were a shame. The greys and red-browns of the mountains, the white of the fresh snow and the waterfalls, and the varied incidents of peasant life about us, kept our eyes and tongues busy till we were well into the suburbs of Turin. The Hotel Europa finished our successful day with a good dinner and we turned in for the sound slumber that invariably follows a ride in sun and wind.

Turin is the most fashionable of Italian towns, is very modern, and lacks the charm that calls most of us to Italy. Yet there are some good pictures in the gallery and there is the view from the Superga, the church that sits on the high hill across the Po, which looks down upon Turin and upon long miles of the Piedmontese plain, backed to the north by the Alps and to the south by the Apennines. Clear weather gave us a fine view. As we sat enjoying it an old priest passed, reading his newspaper. He made a picture and I sauntered after him with my kodak. Holding it on my arm and looking the other way, I hoped that he would n't notice the click. A laugh from the rest of the party greeted my return. They wanted a mirror to show me my tell-tale expression. At any rate, the shot was a success.

The most popular picture in the Turin Gallery is Van Dyck's *Children of Charles I.* but the real interest lies in the examples of the local schools, in Macrino d'Alba, Lanini, and Gaudenzio Ferrari. The *St. Francis*, attributed to Jan Van Eyck (in all probability a copy of Mr. Johnson's Philadelphia picture), Van Mieris the Elder's *Portrait of Himself*, and Rembrandt's *Old Man Asleep* are northern pictures of fine quality. The Academy of the Albertina contains important cartoons by Gaudenzio and two interesting panels with figures of saints, by Fra Filippo.

What I say of Turin must be brief, my object in writing being to laud the automobile as the best means

THE PRIEST OF THE SUPERGA.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for seeing the smaller towns, art-crowded, of which Italy is so full. How often have I wished to stop at some small town when going by train, when the time-table made it impossible! If I can make attractive some of these out-of-the-way places, I shall be glad. Yet my feelings are, in a measure, mixed. Time was when I urged Europe-bound friends to go to Italy. I am beginning to think that that advice ought to be

THRESHING-FLOOR IN THE VERCELLI RICE-FIELDS.

more often withheld than given, for it seems sinful to lay Italy open to the criticism of those who cannot appreciate her charms. The man who remembered Siena as being "the place where the train backs out of the station" by no means lacks company. Let those who visit Italy, then, and fail to find her charm, stay silent, and know that theirs is the fault and that the true seeker will ever be rewarded. A trip to Europe is a

liberal education,—to some people; to others a course in menus, beds, and homesickness. No one who puts a premium on material comfort need try to follow the author through pages which are bound to be enthusiasms. Italy is first and foremost the land for the art-lover and it was as art-lovers that we made our trip. I hope that these notes may be of service to others who visit Italy in the same spirit.

A VERCELLI BABY.

Another morning found us passing through the rice-fields of the Po Valley, bound for Vercelli. They were threshing the rice on the hard, earthen, threshing-floors and we stopped several times to watch the process. Before long we caught our first chicken. Bertoni wasn't worried at the catastrophe as he declared the wording of the law to be that "no one shall be permitted to pasture his fowl on the public road."

We went along at a rapid rate, not recognising our speed or the dust we were creating till we met another Fiat coming from the opposite direction. The peasants are not to be blamed if they show a grievance at

automobiles, for the roads, though good, are very dusty, and a chauffeur with a tendency to speed has it in him to choke a whole countryside. After travelling two hours we arrived at a town of many towers. Asking our way to the Church of S. Cristoforo we were met by three or four replies of ignorance. With S. Caterina we fared no better and at last awoke to the fact that Vercelli lay to the north and that by mistake we had come to Casale, the former chief town of the duchy of Montferrat. We took advantage of the opportunity to see the old Romanesque cathedral and S. Domenico. The former, with its solid style of architecture, is particularly interesting, and we were glad of our mistake.

Half an hour took us to Vercelli, where, after lunch at the *Tre Re*, we walked to S. Cristoforo. On the way a baby in real un-American swaddling bands became of interest to us. Here, too, we had an opportunity of seeing wine made in true biblical style, the men pressing out the juice of the grapes with their bare feet. The wine, which flowed from a spigot at the bottom of of the press, was being delivered, fresh made, from door to door.

S. Cristoforo was enjoying choir practice, children and older girls raising plaintive voices in unison to a strain whose constant repetition made it stay with us for weeks. Gaudenzio Ferrari is a Lombard painter who deserves to be better known. His works in S. Cristoforo are the most interesting things in Vercelli. They are frescoes of scenes from the life of the Virgin,

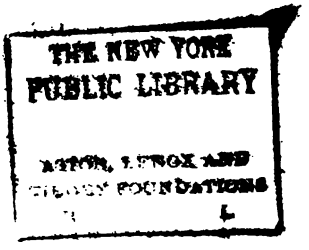
admirably serious in style, something that is lacking in the later panel-picture of St. Christopher, which shows Gaudenzio under the influence of Leonardo. We meet our artist again at Varallo, Saronno, and Novara. Outside of Italy his works are rare. A charming *Madonna* with two donors is in the Naples Gallery, where it bears the name of Gianpetrino.

After seeing S. Paolo, S. Giuliano, and the picture

THE SACRO MONTE—VARALLO.

gallery, we headed due north, up the Val Sesia, toward Varallo, forty miles away. We passed Romagnano, where Bertoni won his mechanical degree in the technical school. Grapes and geese are the main products of the district. Many carts were heavy-laden with the former. The geese certainly are geese when they have to do with an automobile. At the first sound they make for home, often flying straight at

15 CHAPEL OF THE CRUCIFIXION, SACRO MONTE—VARALLO.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the machine. I missed a great chance for a snap-shot of one old gander, who fell over backwards with surprise when he found himself bearing down upon us. His feet went out from under him in a truly undignified manner. He looked exceedingly mortified.

Just before reaching Varallo we struck off up-hill

ENJOYING THE VIEW—VARALLO.

to Civiasco, in the mistaken belief that we would have a view of Monte Rosa. We had our climb, on a most narrow road with awkward turns, for nothing. At Varallo we put up at the Albergo Italia, which was comfortable. Trout from the Sesia added to the enjoyment of dinner. Afterwards we took a stroll in the fine moonlight, looking up expectantly at the "Sacro Monte," Varallo's lion. This is a Franciscan pilgrimage institution consisting of a church and some forty chapels, a good half-hour's walk, through the chestnuts,

above Varallo. Part way up, one comes upon the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie, whose rood-screen,

IN THE VAL SESIA.

dated 1513, is by Gaudenzio Ferrari. He was thirty-two when he painted this comprehensive *Life of*

*Christ.* The composition is often awkward and the colour unpleasing, yet the sincerity of the treatment holds our interest.

The Sacro Monte chapels contain strange and wonderful biblical representations. The objects in the foreground are in terra-cotta, painted, while the wall to the rear is frescoed. Gaudenzio and his pupils probably had a hand in the fresco work, though repaint and

IN THE VAL SESIA.

restorations debar a judgment as to what was originally the work of the master. The Chapel of the Crucifixion is the most important. Our climb to the top, next morning, was repaid as much by the view as by the chapels. A wee snow-point of Monte Rosa pushed itself above the nearer ridges. Varallo lay at one's feet in the sunshine, a restful sight. A couple of

peasant women enjoyed it also and our camera has preserved them.

We returned to Varallo and rode up to Alagna through the wonderful Val Sesia. One cannot adequately describe the beauty of the changing view. The camera must do it for one, yet no camera can give the warm glow of the ever-present, frost-touched chestnuts. Every turn drew forth new expressions of

IN THE VAL SESIA.

delight. At Riva, two miles from Alagna, Monte Rosa came forth in all her glory, more impressive, by far, than when seen from the Zermatt side. From the ten thousand feet of altitude of the Gorner Grat, the northern view-point, the second mountain in Europe fails to be so imposing as from Riva's thirty-five hundred elevation. Riva and Alagna, with their chalet-like houses, are more Swiss than Italian. The whole atmosphere is Alpine. The inhabitants, who

A STRANGE CHURCH, NEAR ARONA.

support themselves by raising hemp, speak a German dialect. The swift-flowing Sesia adds a charm to the landscape, crossed as it is, at intervals, by picturesque old bridges.

We found ourselves back at Varallo in time for lunch, the road being good, though narrow, and fast time a possibility. Lunch over and baggage put aboard, we were off again for Varese, by way of Romagnano and

NEAR ALAGNA.

Arona, on Lago Maggiore. From the high land between the latter places we had splendid backward views of Monte Rosa. Once we missed our way, coming upon a most remarkable church, in what village I know not. Perhaps the illustration may lead to later enlightenment.

Arona was reminiscent of a bicycle tire, punctured in a previous year. We passed the shop where it had

been pumped full of some gluey invention called "Gaolin." We ran south, to the foot of the lake, and crossed the outlet (the ancient Ticinus, which recalled Hannibal and our Roman history days) at Sesto Calende. Our aim was to take tea at a friend's villa at a small place called Gazzada. The guttural dialect of the district, combined with the nearness of places called Cazzago and Casale, put us on the wrong road

CHALETS AT RIVA—VAL SESIA.

several times. We arrived finally, to meet a cordial welcome and a glorious view northward from the villa terrace over the lake of Varese to the Alps. It was late when we arrived at the Hotel Excelsior, at Varese. Incidental to the day's run and to many another were the regularly-heaped piles of broken stone by the wayside, ready for repairing the road. November and December find these stones in use to the despair of all

STATUE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER—CASTIGLIONE D'OLONA.

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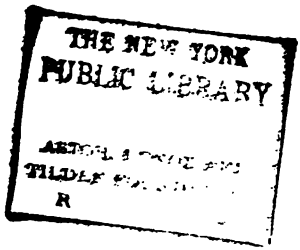
*Bremen*

MASOLINO—MADONNA.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*Anderson photo.* *Saronno.*

GAUDENZIO FERRARI—DETAIL OF A CEILING.

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good tires, Samson or others. Stones and sleeping carters are the bane of automobilists in Italy. We have come to the conclusion that if an Italian has nothing to do but drive, he sleeps. Drivers in all and sundry depths of slumber are a constant menace and one who likes to speed must keep his eyes open.

October 10th, another splendid day, found us off early, bound south to Castiglione d'Olona, where Masolino's frescoes are the attraction. There, in front of one of the churches, is a large statue of St. Christopher, carrying the Christ-Child. St. Christopher brings good luck and his figure is usually made large and conspicuous to the end that luck may be thrust upon the beholder. Masolino's frescoes are in the cathedral and the adjoining baptistery. The former, in the choir vault, are in ruinous condition, a *Sposalizio* and a *Coronation* being all now legible. The baptistery walls are covered with scenes from the history of John the Baptist. Very evidently the artist is a contemporary of Fra Angelico. His works here should be compared with those in Rome (S. Clemente) and with the later ones in Florence (Carmine). A very interesting *Madonna* by him, dated 1423, is in Bremen. As I have never seen it reproduced, I hope the accompanying kodak will be excused.

From Castiglione, a few kilometres brought us to Saronno, where Gaudenzio Ferrari greets us with one of his best works, a frescoed dome, with God the Father in a glory of cherubs and music-making angels.

Some of the details are very beautiful. Luini, too, Gaudenzio's contemporary, is seen at Saronno, in frescoes too suave to be great art, yet insistently pleasing, even to a trained eye. Many a head in the *Sposalizio* or in the *Adoration of the Magi* is of great beauty. These works, dated 1525, show deterioration from the refinement of Luini's earlier period, when he painted the Brera *Burial of St. Catherine*. We reached Milan after a further short ride.

Milan contains more of interest than the ordinary tourist recognises. Obvious attractions are the cathedral, Leonardo's *Last Supper*, the Brera, and the ancient church of S. Ambrogio, with its relics, mediæval and of the Renaissance, brimming with historic interest. The Castello, in its gradually growing fund of Lombard art, both pictured and sculptural, contains one of the most important collections in Italy. Here are the fragments of Il Bambaja's monument to the youthful victor of Ravenna, Gaston de Foix, whose chiselled profile shares our favour with that of Ilaria del Carretto at Lucca and of the *Guerriere* at Ravenna. The long series of Sforza portraits, attributed to Luini, serves as apt illustration to Mrs. Cartwright's book on Beatrice d' Este. The Poldi-Pezzoli, Ambrosiana, Borromeo, and Crespi collections are singularly attractive and will pay for all the time one can give to them. Signor Crespi's portrait of Caterina Cornaro is splendidly virile, however much the critics may quarrel over its attribution to Titian. One should visit S. Maurizio

*Alinari photo.* *Saronno.*

LUINI—HEAD OF A PAGE.
(From the *Adoration of the Magi.*)

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*Alinari photo.* *Saronno.*

LUINI—HEAD OF THE VIRGIN.
(Detail of the *Sposalizio.*)

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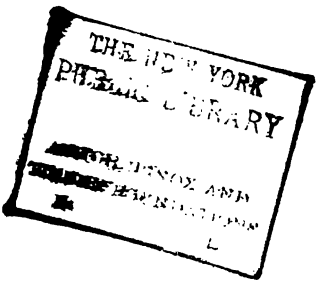
*Alinari photo.* STATUE OF GASTON DE FOIX. *Milan.*
(Il Bambaja.)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for the Luini frescoes, of which John Ruskin was so fond, and the Palazzo Clerici for a splendid ceiling by Tiepolo. Those athletically inclined can get enjoyment in a climb to the roof of the cathedral, which, if one is lucky enough to get a very clear day, affords a fine view of the Alps.

## CHAPTER II.

### PAVIA, LODI, PIACENZA, CREMONA, BERGAMO.

NO one should miss running from Milan to Pavia, the old Lombard capital, whose celebrated university appeals to Americans as the alma mater of Columbus. Pavia lies on the Ticinus, just above its junction with the Po. The sun made us wait for a photograph of the picturesque old bridge, but repaid us in the end. The early Lombard church of S. Michele Maggiore is extremely interesting. One gets the same impression as that given by Norman work, an impression of dignity and strength. The university buildings, in the centre of the town, large but architecturally uninteresting, were not worth a visit, so we passed on to the church of San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, which contains the body of St. Augustine and his remarkable fourteenth-century monument. The huge Castello, intimately connected with the name of Ludo-

BRIDGE OVER THE TICINUS, PAVIA.

vico il Moro, the powerful lord of Milan, husband of Beatrice d' Este, is no longer accessible, being used as a barrack.

The Certosa of Pavia, a Carthusian church and monastery, lies five miles to the north of the town. We visited it on our way back to Milan. The lavishly decorated façade is interesting, even to those who cry out for greater purity of taste. The interior contains frescoes and altarpieces by Ambrogio Borgognone, an artist whose *Madonnas* have a winsome sweetness that is tempered by a goodly leaven of strength. Borgognone was a true Lombard and therefore historically more important than the many artists who forsook the teachings of the native school for the glamour that surrounded Leonardo and produced a hybrid art that is pleasing but of small individuality. Borgognone's own pupil, Luini, whom we have seen at Saronno and in the Milanese collections, is in himself an example of both tendencies. How superior are his early works, such as the *Burial of St. Catherine*, in the Brera, to the later Leonardesque pictures that flowed from his fluent brush! The greatest artists are far from being the greatest teachers. They themselves reach a point of eminence to which their pupils, striving, fail to attain, becoming mere imitators. Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo illustrate the truth of this.

The Certosa contains the cenotaph of Ludovico il Moro and Beatrice d' Este, by Cristoforo Solari, and a noble *Madonna* by Montagna, a truly great artist, many

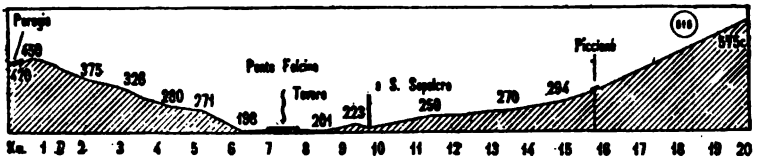
of whose works we shall see later in his home town of Vicenza. The two cloisters are interesting, the larger giving one the best views of the construction of the Certosa, the view from the front of the building being handicapped by the high wall surrounding the property of the monastery.

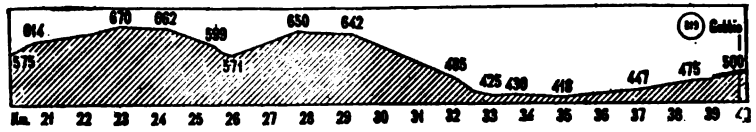
The road back to Milan seemed even more dusty than it had in the morning. It was worse than our Italian Touring Club guide-book had led us to believe, a variance from accuracy which is of rare occurrence. Membership in the Touring Club is a great boon to automobilists and cyclists and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to join as soon as we could. The headquarters of the Club are in Milan, Piazza Durini 7. A membership costs eight lire the first year (about $1.60) and six lire each succeeding year. This entitles one to all the publications of the Club, which are invaluable. Lists of hotels, garages, gasoline sellers, etc., form one handy volume. Prices are quoted throughout and failure of a man to meet the prices quoted will result in his name being stricken from the book. Club members get a discount of ten per cent. from their hotel bills, in many cases, particularly in northern Italy. The Club's road-guide contains valuable information in compact form. Distances, grades, quality of road (distinguished as to different seasons of the year and as to wet or dry weather), etc., are tersely set forth. The tourist is able at all times to find "where he 's at" by comparing the guide with the

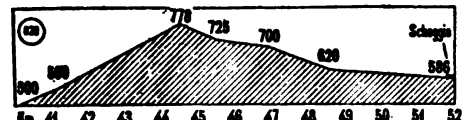
# 181. Perugia-Gubbio-Scheggia (Km. 52.-).

(Vedi la Pianta di Perugia a pag. 67.)

| LOCALITÀ | Distanze in Km. Parziali | Progress. | Decrescenti | Popolazioni | Posta Tel. Ferr. Carab. | Stazioni, pernottamenti o distanze in Km. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| [*164 Arezzo - 164 Foligno - 172 Todi - 176 Città della Pieve - 182 Città di Castello.*] | | | | | | |
| **Perugia** *(Pta S. Margherita)* | 0.0 | 0.0 | 52.- | 17895-51354 | p¹ t¹ f¹ c | Staz. Km. 3 |
| Id. *(Pta Pesa)* . . . . . | 0.4 | 0.4 | 51.6 | | | |
| Ponte Felcino *(Ponte sul Tevere)* . . . . . | 7.- | 7.4 | 44.6 | | | |
| B. a. p. S. Sepolcro [*182*] . | 2.3 | 9.7 | 42.3 | | | |
| Piccione . . . . . | 6.1 | 15.8 | 36.2 | | | |
| **Gubbio** *(Centro)* . . . . . | 24.- | 39.8 | 12.2 | 5540-23316 | p² t² f¹ c | |
| Scheggia . . . . . | 12.2 | 52.- | 0.0 | 332-2222 | p² t² c | Gubbio a Km. 12 |
| [*180 Calmazzo - 180 Sigillo e Foligno.*] | | | | | | |




***Strada*** — **Perugia-Gubbio-Scheggia**: buona o buonissima sino a **Gubbio**, tranne nel tratto **Piccione**. — Piano di Gubbio, ov'è cattiva, sassosa e faticosa. — Banchine poco buone. — Abbastanza buona e ben tenuta, ma piuttosto faticosa da Gubbio a **Scheggia**.

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kilometre stones of the roadside. In northern Italy there are usually ten smaller posts to each kilometre, whose distance apart figures out just one sixteenth of a mile, a kilometre being five eighths of a mile. Speed tally by the watch is in such a case a matter of very simple calculation. We joined the Club and had ourselves photographed in miniature for use on our club cards, refilled our emergency lunch-basket, forwarded our heavier luggage to Bergamo, and were off bright and early one morning for a long day's trip. Leaving Milan by the Porta Romana, by nine o'clock we were at Lodi, on the Adda, at whose bridge Napoleon gained glory. Milan is a magnet that draws immense traffic to itself and as a consequence we found the road to Lodi much be-carted and very dusty. Lodi's chief attraction is the small, finely decorated church of the Incoronata. The Piazza family of painters, native to the place, are here represented by several works. The cathedral and the church of S. Agnese contain others. Borgognone gives the Incoronata its greatest adornment by pictures of the *Annunciation*, *Visitation*, *Adoration of the Kings* and *Simeon in the Temple*.

From Lodi to Piacenza, thirty-eight kilometres, we made good time. From Milan to Piacenza, and straight on, diagonally, across the peninsula to Rimini, the road, turnless and gradeless, follows the line of the Roman Via Æmilia. One wonders how deep a foundation exists under the broad but dusty modern highway.

Just before Piacenza was reached, we crossed the Po on a plank-covered bridge of boats, whose roughness gave us a good jouncing. We went first to the Palazzo Farnese, a large building, now a barrack. The sixteenth century is writ large on this creation of Vignola. The church of San Sisto is interesting chiefly for the copy of Raphael's *Madonna* of that name, which replaces the Dresden original. Pordenone, a four-square artist who often fails to do himself justice, is seen in the church of Madonna di Campagna, in some mediocre works. The best of them, representing St. George and the Dragon, had never been photographed, so we had to make shift with our camera. A young priest helped to move some obstructive furniture, a kindness in line with other similar acts of a people among whom courtesy begets courtesy. The result of our effort was a photograph that is too poor to reproduce. The picture gallery contains several good works, among them a "tondo" of the school of Botticelli (a *Madonna of the Rose-garden*) and a head of Christ by Antonello da Messina, the eyes of which are remarkably sad and piercing. The Municipio, a building with some interesting windows, contains pictures that are not worth a visit. Piacenza's cathedral is very interesting externally and more so internally. Its Lombard style stands the test of a close acquaintance. The remains of early frescoes by unknown hands, which adorn the walls, would surely repay study. Research should add to the meagre data we have concerning them.

*Alinari photo.* *Lodi.*

BORGOGNONE—"THE ANNUNCIATION."

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From Piacenza north-east to Cremona is a run of thirty-one kilometres. Wanting lunch, we made quick work of it, though a false start delayed us a bit. Cremona-bound passengers, leaving Piacenza by the Porta S. Lazzaro, should keep to the left, asking the way to Roncaglia.

Crossing the Po again and entering Cremona, the town of fiddles, we went to the "Cappello ed Italia" to enjoy a meal that gave us a novelty in fried squid,—miniature, octopus-like creatures, excellent eating in spite of their toughness. We fed the Fiat, too, with gasoline, "benzina," whose price portended great excellence. In Italy, the average cost of what approximates a gallon is eighty cents, a price due to the high import and local taxes. Invariably the gasoline is of American make, sold by weight at about one lira the kilogramme.

Long before we crossed the Po, Cremona's "Torrazzo," a tower four hundred feet high, had been in sight. Lunch over, it was our first object. We found it serving as campanile to the Duomo, the two buildings forming an admirable group. The Lombard façade of the Duomo has been partly spoiled by a later sprinkling of sculptured ornament out of keeping with the severity of the early work. Boccaccino, Cremona's greatest painter, did some creditable work here. His frescoed vaulting of the apse is an excellent piece of decoration. Romanino and Pordenone also worked here, but in a style far below their best. The pictures

in the museum are interesting but none are of first importance. Boccaccino is represented by a signed work. The church of S. Agostino contains a typical *Madonna and Saints* by Perugino, a sterling artist who will some day be appreciated at a higher value.

It was late in the afternoon when we left Cremona for Bergamo, eighty-two kilometres to the north. We reached Crema, the half-way point, in time to see her

THE CATHEDRAL—CREMONA.

cathedral and towers outlined against the sunset. We could delay here but little, preferring to give more of our time to the Bramantesque church of S. Maria della Croce, to the north of the town, which is architecturally interesting. Like most churches of the district, it is surmounted by a small, conical, tile-covered pinnacle. As the sun went down a great silver moon came up and lighted our road so that lamps were not thought of

PORTAL OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE—BERGAMO.

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till we arrived outside of Bergamo. We went to the station for our grips and then to the Hotel Concordia, whose cuisine is rightly esteemed. Lack of time had prevented our going to Treviglio, where an altarpiece by Zenale and Butinone is the matter of interest. An amusing incident of the afternoon was caused by our frightening some geese, which made a great rush for the barn-yard gate. Mr. Dog, hearing the car coming,

THE RAMPARTS OF BERGAMO.

rushed through the gate into the midst of the geese, producing an awful mix-up. The district through which we passed is made productive by an excellent system of irrigation. We saw a number of threshing floors used to thresh Indian corn, which is grown here in quantity. Dinner over, a walk in the moonlight along the bastions of the upper town made a poetic prelude to a sound sleep.

We awoke to a brilliant day, one of a series that went with us all the way to Venice. A short walk brought us to the "funicular" that connects the lower town with the upper, where the piazza, with the inevitable statue of Garibaldi, lies surrounded by the most important buildings of the old city, the "Torre del Comune," the cathedral (with an attractive Madonna by the Giorgionesque Cariani), and the much earlier church of Santa Maria Maggiore, whose interior has been ruined by remodelling. The old portals are excellent. Adjacent is the chapel founded by the great condottiere, Bartolommeo Colleoni, one of the most famous of Italy's mercenary captains. His tomb and that of his daughter, Medea, by Amadeo, are interesting. Tiepolo, the last of Venice's great line of mural painters, decorated the ceiling of the chapel. We have met him before, at his best, in the Palazzo Clerici at Milan. Bartolommeo passed his last years at the castle of Malpaga, eight miles from Bergamo, which may be visited for the sake of frescoes by Romanino. The image of the condottiere which one carries, however, is not drawn from Romanino, for we have in Venice that masterly figure, one with the steed it bestrides, which reputation gives to the Florentine, Verocchio. Here pomp and the pride of life speak to us so strongly in the Venetian spirit that we must wonder if reputation be not at fault in limiting to the pedestal the share of Leopardi in the work left unfinished at Verocchio's death. The suggestion once made, the Venetian

*Frankfurt.*

MORONI—"A DOMINICAN LAY BROTHER."

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feeling in the work comes stronger and stronger with time.

We walked back to the hotel, on the way renewing our acquaintance with Lotto's altarpieces in the churches of S. Bernardino, Santo Spirito, and S. Bartolommeo. Lotto was an artist among whose many qualities that of sympathy most endears him to us. Bergamo vies with the Marches in the beauty of his works. We owe Mr. Berenson thanks for his book on Lotto, which broadens its scope to an inclusion of many questions in the development of Venetian art. The discussion of Alvise Vivarini, whose pupil Lotto was, and the treatment given his school, interest us as possessors of a portrait which surely derives from Alvise. A more definite attribution is difficult. It is hoped that the illustration (see frontispiece) may cause some light to be thrown on the matter.

We visited the picture gallery, which now includes the legacy of the art-lover Morelli, who brought fame to his town as one of the greatest of critics. Local masters, particularly Moroni, Cariani, and Previtali, are well represented. Moroni was a great portrait-painter and well deserved Titian's complimentary advice to would-be sitters from Bergamo: "Go back to your home artist; he paints as well as I." The Staedel Institute at Frankfurt contains one of his most characteristic works.

Bertoni met us at the gallery and we sped out of the Porta S. Caterina to Alzano, a small town lying in the

Val Serio, four miles from Bergamo. Lotto's picture here, the *Death of Peter Martyr*, is extremely interesting from a critical point of view, showing, as it does, the influence of Palma. Bound next for Trescorre and more Lottos, we found it easier to return first to Bergamo and to go out again by the Porta S. Antonio, rather than to run farther up the Serio Valley in search of a crossing. Trescorre is about ten miles from Bergamo, on the road to Lovere. Lotto's works, in an oratory belonging to the Villa Suardi, tell us the stories of Sts. Barbara and Clara. Berenson, in treating of these frescoes, emphasises the fact that Lotto is that *rara avis* in Italian art, a true painter of genre.

## CHAPTER III.

### LOVERE, ISEO, BRESCIA, VERONA, MANTUA.

NEXT morning found us passing Trescorre again, bound for Lovere on the Lake of Iseo. Twenty-five miles brought us to Pianico, which overlooks the lake. Here, in the narrow street, we caught

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION—PIANICO.

up with a procession of men and women, carrying candles and chanting. They acted as escort to a number of young girls dressed in white for their first communion. We waited until the procession went to the far end of the village and, turning again, passed us with

measured solemnity. The fervour of devotion that beamed upon the faces of these poor peasants was impressive.

Our road dropped in steep windings down to the lake, one view after another bringing forth exclamations from our enthusiastic party. Reaching the shore, we sped north for a bit and drew up in front of the picture gallery at Lovere. We had trouble in getting the custodian, but when we succeeded, we were repaid by the sight of several good pictures. A *Madonna* by that rarely seen master, Jacopo Bellini, held our chief interest. Jacopo is best studied in his sketch-books in London and Paris. The Uffizi Gallery has recently acquired a *Madonna* very similar to that at Lovere, and Don Guido Cagnola, of Milan, has become the fortunate possessor of another that shows markedly the influence of Gentile da Fabriano, the Umbrian artist whose teaching Jacopo rewarded in the naming of his elder son. Lovere has a typical *Madonna and Saints* by Paris Bordone, an artist whose overdone robustness meets with less disfavour than it should. Vincenzo Civerchio, a painter of a lower grade, is here represented by two signed works historically interesting.

Lovere's church of Santa Maria has an *Assumption*, by Moroni, on the high-altar. Moroni was less successful with his religious pictures than with his portraits. This *Assumption*, however, is a good work, the upper part being especially fine. The fourth and fifth chapels to the left, in the nave, are

the most interesting in the church. They are frescoed, walls and ceilings, by Floriano Ferramola, the teacher of Moretto, Brescia's greatest painter. Over the entrance to the fifth chapel is an *Annunciation* which may possibly be an early work of Moretto. On the arches of the nave are twelve medallions, signed works of Ferramola. A thorough study of the church would answer many a question relative to Moretto's development, as Ferramola shows qualities which Moretto is usually credited with originating, but which we must now believe he simply strengthened and intensified.

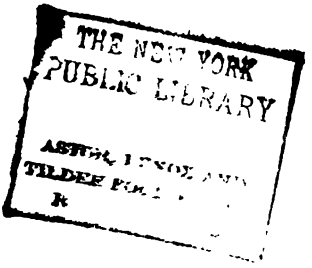
We went north along the lake and were soon at its upper end, into which the Oglio flows. The first road to the east, across the stream, possessed a bridge of so dangerous an appearance that we feared to trust the weight of the Fiat upon it, and so continued on to Corna, ten kilometres farther,—where we turned south on the excellent road leading to Iseo. Had we kept on to the north an hour longer, we would have reached the pilgrimage church of Madonna di Tirano,—where, as a youngster, I had been during the feast of the Assumption. The church had been crowded by peasants, mostly women, in costumes as variegated as the rainbow. The handkerchiefs used as head-coverings were particularly gorgeous. Above all, I remember the heat, the most intense I have ever known. Our driver had refused to let his horses resume the journey till it was almost dark.

The road to Iseo, twenty miles in length, ran close to the shore of the lake, often passing through short tunnels where the spurs of the hills formed peninsulas. The views of lake and hill were smothered in a glory of autumn colour, and Iseo came into sight all too soon, hungry though we were. There we had a good lunch on a terrace built over the lake. The landlord of the Golden Lion tempted us with fresh trout, which were excellent. A very fast run of thirteen miles brought us to Brescia. We remembered the Albergo d' Italia as comfortable and were not disappointed by our reception.

The hotel faced on a long piazza. Our rooms opened onto a balcony, a circumstance which furnished us entertainment for the evening. From eight o'clock till eleven we sat looking down at what must have been the total population of Brescia. Bands were playing and soldiers were everywhere, for Brescia is a great garrison town. The officers, with their long blue capes and brilliant gold braid; the Bersaglieri, with bunches of green cock-plumes waving down from their hats; the police with their red pompons, going always two by two; and the soldiers in the red fez of their undress uniform, made a variegation that went well with the bright colours in which the fair maids of Brescia had decked themselves for their Sunday-evening promenade. Into the turmoil below us came the young seminary students in long black gowns, marching two by two with a band at their head. Some of the very

*Alinari photo.* *Paitone.*

MORETTO—"THE VIRGIN APPEARING TO A DEAF-MUTE."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small boys were rapturously cute in their costume, but they should have been in bed, something we prescribed for ourselves not long after.

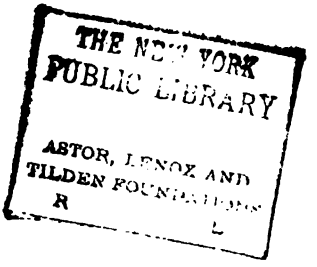
In Brescia came news of the result of the "Vanderbilt Cup." Bertoni was overcome by the fact that Lancia had a heart-breaking mishap and failed thereby to land the Fiat a winner. We felt rather partisan about it ourselves. The reports of the race in the Italian papers were tremendously readable. Mr. Keene was down as "Il Foschal." In the same edition was a reference to the mayor of "Nuova York," "Signor Maclevellen."

Brescia's chief importance to the student is given her by the works of two great masters, Romanino and Moretto. Romanino was the elder by some ten years. As a brilliant colourist he has few equals. His work often lacks refinement and is extremely uneven in quality, but he is, notwithstanding, an artist of great interest. His best altarpieces are in the Padua Gallery, the church of San Francesco in Brescia, and the National Gallery in London. The first of these is aglow with richness of tone. The Brescia Gallery and the churches of S. Giovanni Evangelista and S. Maria Calchera contain other good works by him. Moretto is an artist of a more serious type, purer in his forms and colour. His nobility of conception demands a wider reputation than has as yet been his. His colour in its silvery tone counterfoils the warmth of Romanino. Moretto's nobility shows itself best, perhaps, in the

picture at Paitone, near Brescia. Here the Virgin is represented appearing to a deaf and dumb child, who, miraculously healed, is later able to tell of the miracle. In the wonderfully beautiful figure of the Virgin Moretto surpasses his own similar figures in Vienna and in San Francesco at Brescia. The Paitone picture is somewhat inaccessible, but is well worth a visit. We had seen it previously at the Brescia exhibition of 1898. Brescia's gallery and churches are full of Moretto's works. The churches of S. Cristo and SS. Nazzaro e Celso are particularly noteworthy in this respect. The collection of Mr. Johnson, in Philadelphia, boasts a splendid Moretto among its many treasures—the Virgin and Child and two donors. It is reproduced here with Mr. Johnson's kind permission. Moretto's best portrait is in the National Gallery, a splendid full-length of an Italian nobleman, dated 1526.

Brescia's other treasures embrace the well-known bronze *Victory*, in the Museum of Antiquities, an *Annunciation* in S. Alessandro (note the fine warmth of the gold ground) attributed to Fra Angelico but given by Berenson to Jacopo Bellini; and a too celebrated work by Titian in SS. Nazzaro e Celso. The main panel of the last contains a *Resurrection* which, in its type of Christ, is most unpleasing. The *St. Sebastian*, at the right, is a study of the nude in which the artist deemed himself to have done wondrously. Titian's sympathetic feeling for landscape is well

*Coll. of Mr. John G. Johnson, Philadelphia*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evidenced in the daybreak of the Resurrection morn. It is the best part of the picture. This altarpiece, painted in 1522, is far inferior to the Ancona picture of 1520 and the Vatican *Madonna and Saints* of 1523.

Two days later, after an early lunch, the Fiat resumed its trip and forged swiftly out on the road to Verona. After five miles, at Ponte, we turned northeast, passing several limestone quarries on hills as rocky as any in Mantegna's landscapes. Twenty miles brought us to Salò, on the Lago di Garda, perhaps the most beautiful of Italian lakes. Can we ever forget the view as we came down toward the lake? Salò's parish church contains an *Adoration of the Christ-Child*, by Torbido, an interesting work in a bad state of preservation. In it the combined influence of Giorgione and Palma is very evident. The church of San Bernardino contains a good work by Romanino, representing San Bonaventura. It is of 1529 and therefore a work of his prime. Behind the high altar is a large picture showing the Virgin on clouds with saints below. It is interesting for its mixture of the styles of Moretto and Savoldo. It may possibly be an early work by the latter.

From Salò we went up over the hills and down again to Desenzano and Peschiera. The views of lake and mountain were magnificent. How much the traveller by rail misses by not being able to look down from the heights! Peschiera, at the outlet of the lake, keeps guard from within its massive fortifications, whose

moat the blue, blue Mincio fills with the clearest of water. From Peschiera to Verona lies one of the best stretches of road in Italy, the last twenty kilometres being all at a slight down-grade. How we flew! A race with a motor-cyclist enlivened the journey. After we passed the poor chap he must have had dust to repletion. During one burst of speed we ran into a bat, which dropped, half stunned. When it recovered a bit, it began to climb up Bertoni's leg. The poor fellow almost had a fit and wondered at our bravery in daring to pluck it off him. Dinner time found us drawing up before the Hotel de Londres, in Verona, glad to get letters from home and others from friends who were to join us in Venice.

Probably twenty tourists go to Naples and Genoa and fail to go to Verona, Padua, Siena, and Assisi, to one who does the reverse, and yet, in the matter of interest, the second group of towns is incomparably superior to the first. Verona is a mine of interest. Her many splendid old churches have been filled with art treasures by her gifted sons. From Pisanello to the great Paolo is over two hundred years—and the interim gives us the names of Domenico and Francesco Morone, Liberale, Girolamo dai Libri, Caroto, Giolfino, Cavazzola, Brusasorci, Bonifazio, a colourist of the first rank, and Bonsignori, a truly great painter. These are all later than the period that saw Dante the guest of the powerful Scaligers, or gave birth to a Juliet. Further back, Verona's history leads us past cruel

Ezzolino, past Pepin and Theodoric, to the rule of Rome. Before the great Julius, Verona was a Roman colony. To-day the third century amphitheatre bears witness to her early importance. The Porta dei Borsari, a three-storied gateway that spans the corso of that name, is of nearly the same date. To-day's market-place spreads its wares on the spot where Rome

THE MARKET-PLACE, VERONA.

built her forum. The frescoed walls of Liberale look down upon Berengarius' fountain, on the columned lion that bears witness to the sometime supremacy of Venice and the armies of St. Mark, and upon the noisy chatter of the modern mart. Such is Verona—and such, for that matter, is Italy. How great the joy of a right appreciation of all that she would say to us! The antithesis of their new-born country, Italy appeals

to Americans with a peculiar emphasis. Verona drives the appeal home.

From the hotel we crossed the Adige to S. Giorgio, where, in admiring Veronese's *Martyrdom of St. George*,

STATUE OF ST. PETER, VERONA.

we must not overlook Tintoretto's *Baptism*, a work that has been unduly neglected by art critics. The St. George is a masterly decorative work, full of the faulty spirit of the age in which it was produced. In spite of

this we must applaud a picture that is so close to the top of its own class. The near-by church of Santo Stefano is interesting, its very early date lending strength to its architecture. The crypt contains a statue of St. Peter, interesting, in its archaicness, with a quality that appeals to a developed taste.

A walk along the river-front, under the hill from which Theodoric's palace once frowned down upon the town, brings us to Santa Maria in Organo. We first go into the sacristy, one of the most interesting rooms left to us by the Renaissance. The fine *intarsias* of Fra Giovanni of Verona, together with the wall and ceiling decoration, wonderfully soft in colour, by Francesco Morone, obtain added effect from the admirable proportions of the place. The ceiling has the sheen that one sees on an old rug. The *Madonna and Saints* here, attributed to Girolamo dai Libri, is certainly by Mocetto. The church proper contains several pictures of importance. A *Saint Michael*, by Cavazzola, is particularly fine. The neighbouring church of SS. Nazzaro e Celso holds some of Montagna's best works, works which bespeak a great man. Strength is combined with a poise before which art-chatter is silent. His drapery is a tonic for the eye. The chapel of St. Blaise must once have been exceedingly fine. It is interesting to note the strong influence of Mantegna in the *Four Evangelists* in the upper part of the chapel, a signed work by Falconetto. The church of San Paolo boasts a good Bonsignori and a high-altar-

piece by Caroto, the latter splendid in all but the disproportion between the Madonna and the saints.

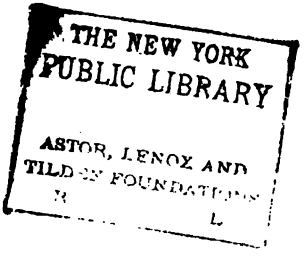
Crossing the river once more, San Fermo gives us one of the best things in Verona, the Pisanello *Annunciation*. The beauty of the Gabriel, even in its ruined state, is wonderful. The breadth of the handling evidences the versatility of a master who has left us paintings unsurpassed as miniatures.

To vary our sightseeing we took a flying side-trip to Mantua,—gate to gate, forty and one half kilometres, which we made in forty-four minutes, good time, considering the number of carts and the strong head-wind. An excellent idea of Mantua, its Gonzagas and the life of their court in its palmy days, is given in Julia Cartwright's book on Isabella d' Este, famous patroness of the arts, who came, a bride, from Ferrara to Mantua.

Mantegna's frescoes of the Gonzaga family, in the old Gonzaga castle, the *Castello di Corte*, are Mantua's most important works of art. Though much restored, they are yet of great interest, and, on account of the many portraits they contain, of historic importance. Mantegna's salient characteristic is his virility, which gives him at times a tendency to dryness. Learning his art in Padua, in the school of Squarcione, excelling by far all of his fellow-pupils except young Niccolò Pizzolo, whose possible rivalry an early death obviated, Mantegna broadened his artistic affiliations by taking in marriage the sister of the brothers Bellini. Undoubtedly he was early influenced by Jacopo, his

*Alinari photo.* *S. Fermo, Verona.*

PISANELLO—"GABRIEL."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father-in-law, as may be seen in his picture in the National Gallery (*Christ in Gethsemane*) which follows closely a design of Jacopo's. When he was thirty-five, Mantegna settled in Mantua, urged thereto by Lodovico Gonzaga, and spent practically the rest of his life there. It is our misfortune that much of his decorative work done for Lodovico has perished, due, perhaps, to the dampness of Mantua's marshy situation.

The *Reggia*, a palace near the Castello, is bare and gloomy and possesses little of interest. The church of S. Andrea, whose interior is doubly spacious through the absence of aisles, contains the tomb of Mantegna. The *Baptism* here, attributed to Mantegna's school, is a good work, the figure of John being especially fine.

A bit outside the town is the *Palazzo de Té*, designed and in great part decorated by Giulio Romano. The architecture, whatever admirable qualities it may possess, is altogether unsympathetic and Giulio's frescoes may, for the most part, be placed in the same category. Primaticcio's work in stucco is good. Taken altogether, we liked the place less than on a previous visit, a fact that convinces us that its art is bad.

Before leaving Verona we had had it in mind to return from Mantua by way of Peschiera, in order to take a whirl again on the splendid road from there to Verona. We accordingly went north-west from Mantua. Just before reaching the bridge of Goito (made celebrated by a fierce battle in the war for Italian independence) a carter, seeing us coming, jumped from his cart in

fear and grabbed at his horse's head. The horse had not even seen us, but the master kicked up such a fuss that the poor animal did n't know what was up, so turned and bolted. We caught him at the bridge. As a memento of the occasion, one of the youngest inhabitants unwillingly posed for a snap-shot. Farther on we passed over part of the battlefield of Solferino and then climbed the hills to the north, losing our road more than once and coming out suddenly upon a wonderful view of the Lago di Garda and of the mountains beyond. The nearer hills were brilliant with the foliage of innumerable sycamore trees; not true sycamores, but what we in America call such. We ran down to Desenzano and then to Peschiera and bluest Mincio once more. As we were passing through Peschiera's eastern gate a "Rochet-Schneider" car sneaked ahead of us at a reckless pace and sped on out

AT THE BRIDGE OF GOITO.

onto the long white highway leading to Verona, raising such a cloud of dust that we had to drop behind for fear of running into some dust-hidden cart. A few moments later the road turned south and brought a cross-wind that blew away the dust, and there, a quarter of a mile ahead, was the other car, just starting on an up-grade. Bertoni was n't slow in giving our good Fiat her head, with the result that we passed our friend just at the top of the grade and then gave him a good return for his awful dust. Some three miles beyond the Professor leaned over and shouted that he had lost his cap; so there was nothing to do but steer as far to the right as we could, before stopping, hoping that our dust would settle before the other car came by. Luckily it did. We found the cap a half-mile back and then hurried on again till we caught sight of the other fellow's dust just as we neared Verona. Bertoni left us for the night, thoroughly disgusted with the Professor.

Fra Giocondo's well-proportioned *Palazzo del Consgilio* was the first object of our next expedition. The many-coloured façade is lavishly adorned, yet shows a certain restraint which makes the general effect far more chaste than is the case with Pavia's Certosa. From the busy Piazza dell' Erbe we took a cab to Verona's finest church, San Zeno. Situated on a broad piazza and flanked by towers, the church is simple but imposing. To the right and left of the doors are old panels in carved stone, with scenes from the

Old and New Testaments, quaint, indeed, but far less so than the very archaic bronze plates with which the

VERONA. DOOR OF SAN ZENO.
(Detail.)

doors themselves are covered. Notice the attitude of Cain, as he belabours Abel, and that of Abraham as he

prepares to sacrifice Isaac! We get here a feeling of antiquity that makes Roman work look absolutely modern. It is hard under such conditions to preserve a correct sense of relationship with the past. Mantegna's large *Madonna and Saints*, in the choir, is one of his principal works, dignified and severe, but, in spite of the beauty of the sky, weak, where Mantegna is often weak, in colour. St. Peter's yellow robe draws the eye away from the Virgin and Child, a fault we may see repeated in Benaglio's triptych in the choir of San Bernardino, a picture with other evidences of Mantegna's influence. San Zeno contains many early Veronese frescoes. A *St. George and the Dragon*, to the right, near the crypt entrance, is excellent, probably contemporary with Altichiero's work in Sant' Anastasia.

Francesco Morone's great *Crucifixion* and Domenico Morone's ruined but fine decoration of the fourth chapel to the right, in the nave, are the chief objects in the church of San Bernardino. Baedeker "stars" the wrong things here. May his sins in the creation of a wrong idea of the truly good be forgiven him! The refectory, adjoining the church, is interesting. S. Eufemia should be visited for its Caroto, and the Duomo for Falconetto's decorative frescoes and the double-storied cloisters.

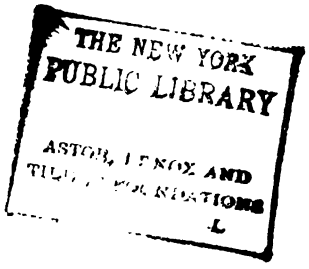
Our walk to Sant' Anastasia gave us occasion to notice the prevalence and beauty of Verona's balconies. Coupled with the well-designed and varied door and

window mouldings, they add much to the attractiveness of the place. In Sant' Anastasia we again become subject to Pisanello's charm. Here he represents *St. George and the Dragon* (and two baby dragons!).

THE CLOISTERS, VERONA CATHEDRAL.

Half gone though it is, how charming is the fresco! The fringe of Gothic buildings that tops the landscape is wonderfully attractive, and the massive horses and the Princess herself all go to make a most cherished

CAN GRANDE'S MONUMENT—VERONA.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memory. Veronese art won its right to be called winsome even before Pisanello's day — witness the *Knights of the Cavalli Family before the Virgin* in Sant' Anastasia. Painting a hundred years before Columbus, Altichiero here proves himself a worthy follower of Giotto.

I find myself going far more into detail than I should. Verona is worthy of it, however. No traveller should fail to visit her. Even a visit made for the sake of Juliet (whose "tomb" we failed to visit) is to be condoned if the visitor will but keep his eyes open to the real beauties of the place. Let us hurry on, then, simply mentioning the picture gallery as a most interesting one, to the Scaliger Tombs,—fourteenth-century monuments of the proud and haughty "della Scala" family—"of the ladder," as they were called from their armorial device. The high, Gothic, shrine-like tombs, open to the air, are surrounded by an iron lattice whose design embodies the ladder. We were chiefly interested in the tomb of "Can Grande,"—"Big Dog,"—who was Dante's host when the poet was in exile. Later, Dante journeyed on to Ravenna, having found his host all too truly named. High up above his sarcophagus and his own recumbent effigy, Can sits in warlike pride, sword in hand, astride his war-horse, who, like his rider, looks toward us, his panoply majestically swaying in the breeze. We bade horse, rider, and Verona farewell at almost the same time, running eastward through a countryside rich with the

hues of autumn. Grape-vines of red and yellow swung in graceful garlands from tree to tree. We passed Soave, with its picturesque castle, joined to the town by a long wall. Farther on, to the left, a high marble campanile, slender as a minaret, pointed its shaft upward. Then, before long, came Vicenza, with Monte Berico standing guard over her. The end of our hour's run, some fifty kilometres, brought us to the Hotel Roma, where all did their best to make us comfortable. The following notice, neatly framed, adorned the wall of our room: "We observe that when the stove is 'eated, the prince of the room is dayly and personally augmented by 75 cents." Observe, please, the surrender to British prejudice contained in the "smooth breathing."

## CHAPTER IV.

### VICENZA, CASTELFRANCO, BASSANO, UDINE, SAN DANIELE.

VICENZA boasts one great painter, Bartolommeo Montagna. A pupil at Venice of Alvise Vivarini, he became one o the foremost exemplars of the group that had John Bellini and his pupils as rivals. Montagna's great altarpiece in the Vicenza gallery, with the Virgin and Child sitting enthroned in the open, under a towering canopy, is perhaps his finest picture. Majestic with all the majesty of the early Ferrarese, of Tura and Cossa, it yet has far less severity and preserves a dignity that is all its own.

Vicenza's church of Santa Corona holds two fine pictures,—the Magdalen and four other saints, a dull, sober-coloured, but stately work by Montagna, and Giovanni Bellini's *Baptism*, painted when the artist was over eighty. We see here no sign of weakening power. Though the type of the Christ is not inspiring (what type is?) the picture is impressive, attractive. What a noble landscape does it show us;—a level valley, backed by towering hills, whose deep brown changes to blue-green as the distance lengthens, the gold-tipped sky above gradually turning to blue as we

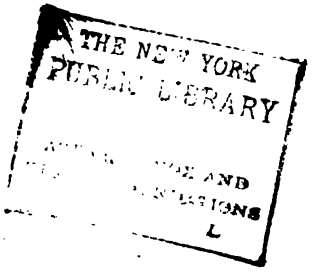
reach the vault of heaven, where God the Father floats amid angels.

Beside Montagna, Vicenza counts Palladio among her sons, a builder who gave his name to a distinct variety of architecture. Vicenza's so-called *Basilica* is his work, a much vaunted building with a two-storied colonnade. Seen from a distance, the swelling roof and high, slender tower form a pleasing contrast. Outside the town may be seen the *Rotonda*, Palladio's villa, well known to students of architecture. Though excellent of its kind, it produces the same impression as an academic picture, being an eclectic combination of qualities, separately good, into a spiritless whole.

Morelli proclaims Palma's fine picture in Santo Stefano as his greatest work. Palma treated his Madonna-pictures almost invariably in the spirit of a Giorgionesque idyll. He painted innumerable *conversazioni*, where the Virgin and Child, with various saints in attendance, sit comfortably in a landscape, of which they form a natural part. There is no attempt to make the central figures dominate. Rarely indeed does Palma build up his picture along the older lines, with the enthroned Madonna raised above her worshippers. Perhaps his harking back to the older, more dignified form, as in Santo Stefano, gives this picture a preference over other works. The landscape here is fine. Giorgione, Titian, Palma, and Lotto, in fact most of the later Venetians, excel in their poetic

*Anderson photo.* *Vicenza, S. Corona.*

GIOVANNI BELLINI—" BAPTISM OF CHRIST."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treatment of landscape as surely as do the Umbrians in spatial treatment.

Our afternoon was filled by a pilgrimage up Monte Berico to the church of the "Madonna of the Mount,"

*Alinari photo.* *Monte Berico, Vicenza.*

MONTAGNA—"PIETÀ."

to see Montagna's splendid *Pietà*, a very great picture, in spite of Peter's theatric posture. Mary, John, and the Magdalen make their sorrow real to us. What a difference in the manner of conceiving a religious subject

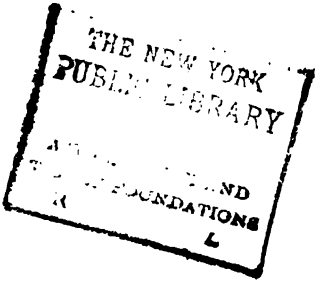
does Paul Veronese give in his sumptuous *Banquet of Gregory* in the adjoining refectory!—a picture remarkable for its fine composition. Veronese's disciple Tiepolo, calls us to the Villa Valmarana, to the eastward, where his frescoed tales from heroic story give proof of his marvellous decorative facility. Our walk thither is a pleasure, full of expanding views. Vicenza lies at our feet, with the Alps rising hazily beyond, while south and east stretches a plain that ends in Padua and Petrarch's Euganean Hills. On a very clear day one may see low-lying Venice, though her campanile landmark be gone for the time. We returned to Vicenza by another route along a canal over which Palladio's basilica rose in the distance.

VICENZA.

We had a splendid day for the trip from Vicenza to Bassano, the road running through the flat country at

*Alinari photo.*

GATEWAY, CITTADELLA.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the base of the mountains. We passed beneath almost continuous rows of spreading plane trees. Innumerable carts were journeying, drawn by ridiculously small donkeys, the flatness of the district, with its lack of grades, being especially favourable to this pigmy breed. More than once a carter lifted his donkey bodily when he heard the sound of our horn. I suppose

A FARMHOUSE NEAR VICENZA.

these pocket editions are growing smaller with time through the weeding out of all the larger specimens for use in the hills. Many of the farmhouses, vine-clad, stood picturesquely behind high, tangled hedges. We passed a flock of sheep with many a toddling lambkin sidling along by its mother. A donkey in attendance carried two baby lambs, born on the road the night before, whose heads emerged cunningly from the bags of fodder.

Soon we came to Cittadella, with its old wall. Instead of going north, to Bassano, we kept straight on, toward that art-lovers' pilgrimage-shrine, Castelfranco, dowered by Giorgione with a great picture. I know of no work more impressive. For a full enjoyment of it one must have undergone a long course of sympathetic study of Italian art. To the uninitiated, the Sistine *Madonna* will appeal far more forcibly.

BABY LAMBS AND DONKEY, NEAR CITTADELLA.

But here we have no simpering Barbara to detract from the calm majesty of the brooding Virgin. Just sufficient is the restraint due to the painter's striving. His inspiration balances his skill and the poise gives birth to a great work. When the skill is all-sufficient to the idea, and a bit more than sufficient, a fatal facility results and we have a Guido Reni. Set Guido back to the striving era of the quattrocento and you

*Alinari photo.* *Castelfranco.*

GIORGIONE—MADONNA.

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get a great artist. Facility is every day detracting from Raphael's greatness. The man in whose pictures we see the toil and sweat of effort striving at expression gives us works that endure.

A narrow but good road took us north from Castelfranco to Asolo, finely situated among the hills. Lorenzo Lotto here shows us, in his earliest dated work (1506), how sweet to him was the beauty of God's

THE OLD BRIDGE—BASSANO.

creation. The town-topped hill, the valley, and the spreading stream are pencilled with an art that simplifies while it ennobles.

Bassano, with the Brenta, the old bridge, and the mountains, formed a fine picture as we sped into it at the end of our afternoon's ride, a ride whose main memory lies in the gorgeous Virginia Creeper that clothed trees and buildings in mantling scarlet. The

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glory of our American foliage is seldom equalled by anything in Europe, but northern Italy has a glory of its own. Its combination of the picturesque, part God-made, part man-made, is difficult to rival.

Bassano is chiefly interesting as the home of the Da Ponte family of painters—two Francescos, Jacopo (the greatest), and Leandro, familiarly known as "Jacopo Bassano," etc. The Museum contains works by all of the family, showing an interesting sequence of development. Jacopo Bassano suffers in general estimation through the number of inferior works attributed to him. His open-air genre pictures obtained great vogue and, in consequence, his assistants and imitators produced hundreds of pictures which to-day, in gallery catalogues, pass under the master's name. His finest work, a *Banquet of Dives*, has recently come to America.

In Bassano, as elsewhere in northern Italy, the surname precedes the Christian name on signs, letters, etc. The most interesting case of the kind came later, in Bologna, where the programme of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*, in transcribing the hero's name, Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, had it "Pinkerton, F. B." We must not leave Bassano without calling attention to its wonderful apples, a rarity in Europe.

An early start for a very long day brought us betimes to Maser, where the Villa Giacomelli, with Paul Veronese's frescoes, was opened to us on presentation of our cards. The frescoes are interesting, more for the broadly decorative effect than as works of individual

excellence. The Villa boasted a garage with a DeDion car which Bertoni said could "go fast down a hill—but what a noise!" Passing on through Cornuda and crossing the road that leads north to Belluno, Pieve di Cadore (Titian's birthplace), and the Dolomites,—a side-trip with scenery excelled nowhere in the Alps,—we turned south-east to the long bridge over the Piave, which, almost dry in the autumn, in the spring becomes a wide-spreading torrent. Here we joined the main road from Venice to Udine. Conegliano, whose champagne has a national reputation, soon appeared, busy with its market day. The badly-placed cathedral contains an important altarpiece by Cima, who was born here. A northward run of ten miles brought us to Serravalle, with its old walls and remarkable geological formations. A small peak that raises itself in the midst of the town looks, with its serrated ridge, like a Dolomite in captivity. Serravalle possesses a fine Titian—a Virgin in glory, surrounded by angels, with Andrew and Peter below. The work is reminiscent of the Vatican picture painted twenty-four years earlier. The attention of the government should be called to the necessity of taking better care of the picture, which, perhaps on account of its out-of-the-way situation, has been allowed to fall into poor condition.

Ceneda, just south of Serravalle, with which it now forms one municipality, has frescoes by Pordenone which contain some attractive heads. They are on the façade of the colonnaded municipio. Turning

south again as far as San Giacomo, we reach the main road once more by a branch to the south-east. Twenty miles in twenty-five minutes over a splendid straight stretch through a Holland-like district, and we come to Pordenone, with its fine campanile and pretty girls. Giovanni Antonio Licinio, better known as Pordenone, was born here, and the church and gallery contain works by him. Distinctly a robust painter, he appealed to

UDINE—THE MUNICIPIO.

the Venetian taste and became a rival of the far subtler Titian. Some of his coarser works we have met at Piacenza. His best work at Pordenone is in the Duomo, on the first altar to the right,—a *Holy Family* with St. Christopher and donors. The colour is fine and warm, the types good, and the landscape, with its castle and hills, very attractive. Casarsa, ten miles farther on, contains a most remarkably modernised *Virgin and*

*Child* (in the church, second altar to the left) which may have been originally by Pordenone. The old baptistery has ruined frescoes by the same artist. Leaving Casarsa, we cross the broad, dry bed of the Tagliamento, beyond which a straight stretch of twenty miles, with the road dipping over the horizon, brings us to Udine, in time for a walk before dinner.

CIVIDALE.

Udine is an ancient place, chief town of the district of Friuli. A column with St. Mark's lion tells us that Venice ruled here. The sixteenth-century castle looks down on the town from the hill which unbelievable tradition asserts was thrown up by the soldiers of Attila, to the end that their leader might view the burning of ancient Aquileia, which lay to the south.

Udine's sights are interesting but do not require a

great deal of time. The municipio, a restored building, whose marble bands carry one's thoughts to Lucca and Siena, is graceful and well-proportioned. The cathedral has one fine doorway, but contains nothing of interest. In the church of the Purità is an *Assumption*, by Tiepolo, who here exhibits his quality as a decorator in a manner scarcely excelled by his Carmine

CIVIDALE—CHAPEL OF ST. PELTRUDIS.

frescoes in Venice. Looked upon as pure decoration, it is admirable. The younger Tiepolo, Domenico, also worked in Udine. His frescoes in the Palace of the Archbishop are ambitious and, as decoration, really good. Giovanni da Udine's rather uninteresting arabesques, in another room, are similar to his work in the Villa Madama, Rome. Udine's policemen must be mentioned for the oddity of their dress,—high hats,

canes, and long coats reaching their shoe-tops,—a costume truly ridiculous.

Cividale, the ancient Forum Julii (hence "Friuli"), lies ten miles to the east of Udine. It is well worth a visit. The Natisone, which flows through the town, affords many picturesque bits with its clear water and high rocky banks. The chapel of St. Peltrudis proved a most difficult thing to find. A long conversation through an eye-hole in the door of the Ursuline Convent, to which no man is ever admitted, did not aid us much. We finally found the *custode* in the person of a carpenter, who left his bench and did the honours of the old eighth-century chapel in a fine manner. The figures of saints, in relief, high up on the wall, are of great interest, both historically and æsthetically. Pellegrino's *Madonna*, in S. Maria de' Battuti, is a fine work, reminiscent of Palma and Lotto, and, in colour, of Romanino. The cathedral is more beautiful than one would expect of so small a town. The old font and the canopy over the high-altar are noticeably interesting.

The Fiat drew a crowd in short order, who raised a cheer as we started back to Udine. The sun had driven away the mist so that our return journey gave us fine views of the mountains to the north. Into Udine and out again by the north gate, we speed on to Gemona, a town wonderfully situated among massive hills that rise sheer from the flat bed of the Tagliamento. The church of S. Maria, at the top of the

town, contains interesting pictures. In the first chapel to the left is a *Virgin on the Knees of St. Anne*, dated 1505. It would be interesting to know the author of this fine work.

From Gemona we ran north to Ospedalleto, where we crossed the river and turned south by a good road to San Daniele. A stiff bit of hill was at the end of it.

GEMONA.

While we lunched at the Italia, enjoying some of the ham for which San Daniele is celebrated, we sent for the custodian of the cathedral, who later showed us through that uninteresting building, through two other churches, and the old Gothic San Antonio, which Pellegrino, a native of San Daniele, filled with frescoes. *The Adoration of the Christ-Child*, *Tobias and Raphael*, *Christ Washing Peter's Feet*, and a *St. Liberale* are especially fine. Pellegrino must surely have had the

assistance of Pordenone in these works; in fact, some of them, notably the *Washing of the Feet*, seem to be more Pordenone's than Pellegrino's.

We had to leave San Daniele sooner than we wished for our destination was Treviso, a good distance away. Twenty-five kilometres brought us back to the Udine-Conegliano road, and, once on it, we fairly flew, slowing up only, as always, for carts. We passed Casarsa, Pordenone, and Conegliano and drew up at the Stella d' Oro, in Treviso, at half-past five, having made the last hundred and five kilometres in one hundred and five minutes, pretty good time when one considers the geese, the carts, and the number of towns through which we passed. One incident that delayed us showed Bertoni's quick temper and strength of arm. We were slowly passing a dog-cart when the gay young man who was driving slashed his whip into the faces of those in the tonneau. The Professor and I were out in an instant and had grabbed one end of the whip with forcible style and appropriate language. Just then Bertoni arrived on the scene. With one wrench he had taken the whip away from the three of us and stalked back to the car. It was all aboard and away again, whip proudly waving. The Stella d' Oro and other Treviso hotels were completely filled with men in attendance at a great race-meet, so after dinner we lighted up and went through the dark to Mestre and thence by train, across the lagoon, to Venice, Bertoni taking the car to Padua for a good rest. As

to Treviso, we had to be satisfied with our visit of the previous year, when Titian, Lotto, Pordenone, and the author of the puzzling *Pietá* in the old pawn office, had given us many moments of enjoyment.

## CHAPTER V.

### VENICE, PADUA, FERRARA.

VENICE, heiress to the acme of the Renaissance feeling for beauty, gateway through which the East poured her wares, barbaric in her lust for richness of colour, floods the eye of the visitor of to-day with a brown-gold radiance, whose influence upon the senses is apt in time to deaden one's appreciation of a more archaic and refined art. The chiefer sights may be thoroughly seen in a week, but the picture-lover who really wants to see pictures will find his stay in Venice an indefinite one. Numerous small churches and *scuole* claim attention long after San Marco, the Doges' Palace, the Academy, and the larger churches have been visited. For evening occupation Ruskin's *St. Mark's Rest* and Berenson's *Venetian Painters* are as enjoyable as they are instructive. Berenson's lists of attributions are of great aid to the student of Venice, leading often to pictures which would otherwise be overlooked.

From their water-lapped entrance steps to their lofty cornices the palaces of Venice have an attractiveness that is all their own. The charms of colour and

form reflected and intensified in the shimmering waters of the lagoon keep one's sense of the beautiful in an active state. Going from church to church and from picture to picture, enthusiasm is keyed up to a point and kept there. The whole atmosphere of the place makes sightseeing enjoyable. Long is the list of shrines at which we worshipped. Titian we sought at the Academy, the Frari, the Salute, and the Gesuiti. Tintoretto proved best in the Doges' Palace, at San Rocco, and San Giorgio Maggiore. Giovanni Bellini holds his own with the later masters in the Academy and in churches innumerable. We did not fail to pay more than one visit to Carpaccio's winsome cycle in San Giorgio degli Schiavoni. S. Bartolommeo, near the Rialto, holds early works of Sebastiano del Piombo,—among them a *St. Louis* that is of great beauty. Palma Vecchio is the lion of S. Maria Formosa, with his fine St. Barbara altarpiece. Tiepolo is the great decorator again in the Scuola del Carmine and the Gesuati, while the Quirini-Stampalia collection holds a portrait by him that is wonderful and practically unknown, being in a room opened only by request. It represents, in full length, a procurator, clad in gorgeous red. The whole is fine but the eye returns always to the face. The church of S. Sebastiano is a point of interest for those to whom Paul Veronese appeals, as he is buried there, close to several of his works. The Frari and SS. Giovanni e Paolo, with their great tombs and pictures, are the most attractive

111 SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE, FROM THE DOGES' PALACE—VENICE.

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*Anderson photo.* *S. Bartolommeo, Venice.*

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO—"ST. LOUIS."

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of Venetian churches. In front of the latter rises Verocchio's masterly equestrian statue of our friend of Bergamo, the great condottiere, Bartolommeo Colleoni. Padua, through Donatello, may boast a finer work, but it takes time and a long tutelage to make one admit it. Venice's glass, lace, and mosaic factories are centres of interest for the tourist. The Lido and Murano are goals of pleasant excursions and more distant Torcello will amply repay a day's time given to it.

The lover of the picturesque may deplore the advent, among Venice's gondolas, of the steamboats that make quick trips from end to end of the Grand Canal; to the ardent sightseer they are a welcome innovation, permitting a great saving of time. Nothing is more enjoyable than doing Venice on foot, with an occasional steamer to help one take the longer jumps between the hotel and the district of the day's excursion. A Venetian training is a great thing for a defective or undersized bump of locality, for the byways are innumerable. The Professor, who was perfectly at home in Venice, acted as our guide one evening. Unerringly he went ahead while we followed with thanks and docility. Across the Rialto we went and then on and on, till suddenly, to confound us, the Professor hurried around a corner and was lost. He awaited us at the iron bridge that spans the Grand Canal near the Belle Arti, by which we had planned to return. Knowing ourselves deserted we struck to the left,

coming out on the Grand Canal at one of the *traghetti*, or ferries. In a moment we had crossed and hurried back to the hotel, while the Professor waited at the bridge. When he finally came back and found us smoking in comfort, it was hard for him to believe our sworn statements that we had crossed by the bridge.

Venice introduced us to an Italian who one day remarked, "You Americans call your little money after a bird." "You mean our big money," said I, "which we call 'eagles.'" "No, that is not it," said he. A long colloquy resulted in the discovery that he meant "chicken-feed."

The old families of Venice still try, with fortunes diminished, to keep up their former state. One day, as we passed a palace, attention was called to the number of white-gloved servants who were assisting some visitors to disembark. Our gondolier recognised what we were saying and interjected—"Yes, white gloves, always, but they *eat poor*."

We could have spent twice our stay in Venice with profit, but a realisation that Rome was our Christmas destination started us forth again at last and one clear morning, following several days of rain, we took train for Mestre, where we met Bertoni, who rejoiced to be again at the helm of our good ship Fiat. Our number had been increased by two, which necessitated the use of the baggage-rack for the grips that previously had found room in the tonneau. Bertoni announced his advent by a rousing wail from a siren, which he had

*Scuola del Carmine, Venice.*

TIEPOLO—DETAIL OF CEILING.

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procured in Padua. It proved a very effective aid in waking people who would pay no attention whatever to a horn. We were off early and from Mestre headed

*Padua.*

GIOTTO—"SIMEON IN THE TEMPLE."

north-west, through the mud, to a small place called Noale, where we had agreed to meet an antiquity man from Venice for the purpose of looking at a picture

that was for sale. Our man disappointed us, however, so we were soon going south on the road to Padua.

Padua, a university town with a foundation of the thirteenth century, was once Italy's chief seat of learning. It attracts to-day some fifteen hundred students. The university buildings are of no particular interest, and as Padua's other sights called in so many directions, we passed them by. Chronologically, Giotto's frescoes in the Arena are the earliest art-works of interest—and of such an interest! One wants to sit quietly, quietly, and draw in to the full the staid beauty of the figures and the majestic simplicity of the whole. Row on row, picture following picture, we see the whole New Testament spread out before us as a painted page. With what loving care did Giotto pencil the scenes of the story that he knew so well! Here, while he worked, came Dante, adding, perhaps, to the painter's imagery by suggestions coming from his own teeming vision. Giotto shows us here the Virtues and the Vices, symbolic figures of which Ruskin loved to write. The chapel makes a perfect whole and is one of the rarest of the rich legacies to which the Renaissance has made us heirs.

The chapel of St. George, near the "Santo," brings us forward seventy years with its fine frescoes of St. George and other saints, by Altichiero and Avanzo, whom we met in Verona.

Again seventy years pass and Florence, the ever-favoured, sends forth to Padua another of her sons,

*Alinari photo.* *Padua.*

DONATELLO—STATUE OF GATTAMELATA.

*Alinari photo.* *Padua.*

DONATELLO—HEAD OF THE "GATTAMELATA."

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as a new teacher. Donatello, greatest sculptor of his time, gives to Padua to-day her noblest monument. Truly, bronze was a fitting fabric in which to draw the deep-lined visage of the stern condottiere. Gattamelata, general of the Venetians, sits on high, a master work. Dignity is his, and greatest strength, and herein Donatello keeps the palm that Verocchio's Colleoni strives to take from him. To Donatello, too, goes credit as the first to cast, since Roman times, a horse and rider in bronze. We turn into the many-domed "Santo" or church of St. Anthony of Padua, whose bones lie under a much-bedecked altar, near which are marble reliefs showing the miracles worked by the saint. Those by the Lombardi and Sansovino are good, but one forgets them as soon as he passes to the high-altar, where again we have to wonder at the strong craftsmanship of Donatello's bronze reliefs.

Donatello's influence had a deal to do with the development of Padua's greatest master, Andrea Mantegna, who came of age as the *Gattamelata* was being finished. We have seen in Mantua his works of a mature period. Padua, in the church of the Eremitani, shows us his work done in the freshness of youth. Here, in the stories of Saints James and Christopher, his love for the classical, aroused by his master, Squarcione, is very evident. That antique sculptures served as his models is best seen in his treatment of drapery. Mantegna's greatness is unquestioned, but he is the least sympathetic of painters.

Of a riper time, too, has Padua works to show us. Titian wields a potent brush in the masterly ruined frescoes of the Scuola del Santo. A wondrous head that, of the mother whose virtue her babe proclaims! Paul Veronese depicts in grandiose manner the death of Santa Giustina in the church where rest the bones of that patron saint of Padua. The gallery, too, contains some fine works, with Romanino's altarpiece in the

TEN-OX TEAMS NEAR MONSELICE.

place of honour, due it, truly, as a glorified piece of colour.

Before leaving Padua one should see the Palazzo della Ragione, remarkable for the size of its great arched hall, less impressive to-day to eyes accustomed to the use of structural steel. The Caffè Pedrocchi, famous in the past as the headquarters of political plotters, is near by. We recall Padua as a remarkably

127 THE CATHEDRAL—FERRARA.

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clean town, a strange fact, in view of the primitiveness of the street-sprinklers—a barrel set on wheels, with a piece of hose coming out at the rear and a small watering-pot sprinkler at the end of it. One man pulls the cart, while another swings the hose from side to side by means of a string to which it is tied. But the results speak for themselves.

A fine run of forty kilometres brought us to Rovigo. The Euganean hills were prominent to the right as we passed Monselice, with its old walls and high-lying castle. The grapes of the district, ripening late, were still unpicked. The oxen here are not overworked, ten often drawing one plough. In one field there were six ten-ox teams. The ploughs are not heavy and the furrows not very deep, so one wonders at the waste of effort.

Rovigo, the next town, has an interesting gallery but no pictures of particular importance. As it was getting late we did not delay over-much. From Rovigo to Ferrara the road was at first good. As soon as we struck the Po, however, it became miserable. We followed the bank of the river for a distance, getting a fine sunset effect over the water: A young girl with a yoke and pails made a picturesque silhouette against the sky as she stood on the high bank. The swift river current runs the wheels of many mills, which, in the form of boats, are anchored in the stream. A bridge of boats took us across to the factory town of Pontelagoscuro. The lights of Ferrara soon glowed

through the dusk and we disembarked at the Stella d' Oro.

Visitors to Ferrara are naturally drawn first to the massive, moated, square-towered castle of the Este, where centred the brilliant life of the Ferrarese court. Its history sounds the names of Ariosto and Tasso, of John Calvin and of Titian. Moat and dungeon, banquet-hall and sunlit terrace remind us of times when

THE MARKET-PLACE—FERRARA.

smiles and tears held closer converse than they hold to-day. A tottering but animated relic of the past, who confessed to eighty-eight summers, was our guide. Up-stairs and down she led us, chattering as she went. Her chief delight lay in showing us the dungeons where Parisina and Ugo, a faithless pair, were confined. The old woman gloated over the punishment meted out to them. Byron's genius has given added interest to

*Anderson photo.* *Palazzo Schifanoia, Ferrara.*

COSIMO TURA—"TRIUMPH OF MINERVA."
(Detail.)

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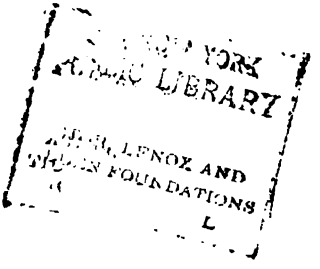
*Anderson pho.o.* *Borghese Gallery, Rome*

TURA—"S. GIACOMO DELLA MARCA."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the story. The fine pictures that filled the castle in Titian's day have all departed, so we are soon out again in the sunshine. The near-by cathedral has an exterior that is attractive and architecturally interesting, showing Gothic superimposed on Romanesque. The portals and the first row of arched openings have rounded tops. Then comes the Gothic. The higher we go, the later and more pointed is the arch. Small shops sit close in the southern shelter of the long side-wall, bordering the busy market-place. The cathedral contains two works by Tura, an *Annunciation* and a *St. George*, of 1469, once shutters to the organ. Francia's *Coronation* is affected and unimpressive. Garofalo is better represented by an enthroned Madonna. From the cathedral we go to the Palazzo Schifanoia, in the outskirts of the town. Built mainly under Borso d' Este, it was adorned with numerous frescoes, of which some were later destroyed and some covered with whitewash. The latter, by Tura and his pupils, have recently been brought to light and form a most interesting series. Here we see the so-called *Triumphs* of various gods and goddesses, the signs of the zodiac, and, below, scenes from the life of Borso. Cosimo Tura, born about 1420, was the first great Ferrarese painter. His art shows qualities similar to that of Squarcione's Paduan school, the plasticity of his draperies outrivalling that of Mantegna. But Tura does not stop at draperies. His pictures are plasticity run riot, with a result that is marvellous in its

content of strength, witness his *San Jacopo della Marca*, recently bought for the Borghese Gallery. Hung facing Raphael's *Deposition*, this colourless, grey-toned picture proves its mastery by simply killing the more celebrated work. The great Piero dei Franceschi, of Borgo San Sepolcro, spent some time in Ferrara and probably had a considerable influence upon the slightly younger Tura. The Schifanoia frescoes bear witness

FERRARESE OXEN.

to this. Francesco Cossa was an able follower of Tura's who undoubtedly worked on the Schifanoia cycle. The later Ercole Roberti, developed also under Tura's influence, was the last great painter of Ferrara's earlier school. The next century saw Garofalo and Dosso Dossi the leaders of the local art. While both produced fine works they do not hold one as do the earlier masters. Garofalo tends toward the Raphaelesque,

*Anderson photo.* *Borghese Gallery, Rome.*

GAROFALO—MADONNA.
(Detail.)

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developing a colour scheme of his own. Dosso, a more vigorous nature, often fantastic, tends toward Giorgione and chiaroscuro.

Ferrara's picture gallery is in the *Palazzo dei Diamanti*, a well-proportioned building whose entire surface is cut into the facets which give it its name. Dosso's large altarpiece is the best picture here. Though a trifle grandiose in conception it has a saving dignity. Dresden and Modena possess fine examples of Dosso. Of Garofalo, the Ferrara gallery has numerous examples. His best works are in the Borghese Gallery in Rome, one of which, as extremely typical, is reproduced here, in part. Mazzolino, Panetti, and Ercole Grandi are lesser but interesting Ferrarese masters.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RAVENNA, RIMINI, SAN MARINO.

FROM Ferrara to Ravenna is forty-five miles. The low-lying road was muddy from recent rains and advantage had been taken of this to spread quantities of crushed stone. It was our first

OUR FIRST TROUBLE (FERRARA-RAVENNA).

experience of the enemy that was to produce many punctures. We were still immune, without a puncture to date. Our first trouble of the trip did occur, though, shortly after leaving Ferrara. A porcelain insulator broke and held us up for twenty minutes to the delight of

some urchins who scrambled for largesse in the shape of chocolate. Bertoni having put things right, we were off again through a low country whose rich black soil was cut into squares by irrigating ditches. Soon came the high banks of the Reno, stretching across the plain, protecting the lowlands from flood and making irrigation from the high-flowing river a very simple matter. The river crossed, we tended toward the left, through Alfonsine, and then ran straight on until Ravenna, with her towers, became a picturesque goal.

Ravenna is the most complete and interesting example of the art of the fifth and sixth centuries. The Emperor Honorius, leaving Rome at the approach of the barbarian hordes, held his court at Ravenna, which later, under Theodoric, became the seat of the Gothic kings. When the Emperor of the East sent his exarchs to rule Italy they had their centre of government here. Ravenna's historical monuments bear witness to her active life during all of these periods. They have come down to us singularly free from change, owing to the fact that the course of history has tended away from Ravenna, in these later centuries, and has left her isolated. The sea, as well, which might have retained for Ravenna her commercial importance, has withdrawn from her, for all of which the student must be thankful.

Ravenna is a city of mosaics. Her prime came when art was best expressed in pictures of stone, whose enduring quality has brought them down to us without

impairment. Crude they are, no doubt, but very beautiful in their strength of colour, brilliant when the light

BYZANTINE CAPITAL, SAN VITALE—RAVENNA.

strikes them. Go into the small church erected as her tomb by Galla Placidia, sister of Honorius, walk forward as far as you can, and then turn. If the door has

*San Vitale, Ravenna*

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**THE EMPRESS THEODORA.**
**(Mosaic.)**

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been left open a wondrous blue as of the deepest ocean gladdens the eye where the mosaic of the vaulted ceiling catches the light from the world outside. This fifth-century tomb with its mosaics and sarcophagi is the best-remembered thing in Ravenna. Thoroughly simple and unostentatious, it breathes forth the spirit of the early Church. The mosaics are largely symbolical. We see Christ represented as the Good Shepherd, the Evangelists with their symbols, etc. The Baptistery of the Orthodox contains an even earlier mosaic of equal fineness, representing the *Baptism of Christ*. Similar work in the Aryan Baptistery is later and not so good. San Vitale, a most interesting building containing fine mosaics, has been in great part miserably "restored" in most execrable taste. Lovers of art and archæology have tried to have the barbarous innovations removed, but the people of Ravenna, dead to all sense of the beauty of their artistic heritage, have resolutely refused to allow any changes to be made. The old capitals of San Vitale's columns carry the Byzantine style to an earlier period than that shown by St. Mark's at Venice, and are close to those of incomparable Santa Sophia at Constantinople, once worthily the greatest church in Christendom and even to-day, in spite of Mohammedan disfigurement, far more impressive than St. Peter's. San Vitale contains mosaics representing the Emperor Justinian and Theodora, his Empress. Theodora and her attendants, with their big Byzantine

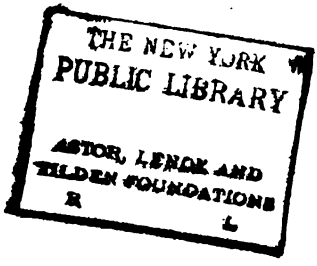
eyes and heavily pencilled brows, are interesting types.

St. Apollinaris, patron of Ravenna, has been honoured by two churches. The older, perversely called "S. Apollinare Nuovo," was built by Theodoric. Its fine old circular campanile and the mosaics of the nave are both noteworthy. Near by is the so-called *Palace of Theodoric*, of which but little remains and that little of dubious authenticity. The cathedral contains several fine early-Christian sarcophagi (Ravenna is full of them) and a celebrated episcopal chair, covered with a veneering of carved ivory, some of whose panels are missing, though several lost ones have been returned from Rome and Pesaro.

Many other relics of these older days we must leave unmentioned, passing on to that middle period that found Dante the guest of Guido da Polenta. The great Florentine exile, after all his years of wanderings, found here the rest for which his restless soul had longed. He died here in 1321. His tomb, with a bas-relief by Pietro Lombardo, is less impressive than the ancient sarcophagi that adjoin it. The Academy contains several pictures by Rondinelli, a Ravennese who studied under Giovanni Bellini, in Venice. It is Venice, too, that gives us our greatest pleasure in Ravenna, for her sculptor, Tullio Lombardo, was the maker of that splendid warrior, lying in the slumber of death, clothed in all his panoply of war. *Guidarello Guidarelli* will not soon be forgotten by one

*Ravenna.*

147 TULLIO LOMBARDO—STATUE OF GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI.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who has gazed upon the calmness of his noble face. How comparatively futile, utterly futile, is Canova's *Endymion*, in the next room!

As we leave Ravenna we run first to the tomb of Theodoric, outside the Porta Serrata. This massive monument is not so impressive as it might be and did not hold us long. Back and out again by the Porta Nuova, a three miles' run brings us to that other church

BASILICA OF S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE—RAVENNA.

erected in honour of St. Apollinaris, S. Apollinare in Classe. The basilica and its campanile are interesting but dilapidated, an appropriate word to use when we think of Sigismondo Malatesta's theft of the marble panelling of the interior. The mosaics of the tribune are in good condition. The author of the tabernacle at the end of the left aisle was a man of more religion than scholarship, as his inscription, "ego

Petrus Presbuteros fecit," shows. The early sarcophagi here are fine. Ravenna's collection of these early tombs with their sculptured symbols is surpassed only in the Christian museum of the Lateran, where the museum atmosphere detracts from the pleasure given. Near S. Apollinare we catch a distant view of the column to Gaston de Foix, erected on the field where the youthful hero lost his life in the hour of that

DANTE'S "PINETA," RAVENNA.

victory which his valour and genius had done so much to produce.

On again, we soon come to the "Pineta," the pine forest celebrated by Dante. We agreed with Dante upon the attractiveness of these tufted trees with their long, bare trunks topped with dark massy foliage. A run of fifteen miles over a flat country, with the road coming closer and closer to the Adriatic, brought us to Cesenatico, at the mouth of the Pisciatello, the ancient Rubicon. With its high-hanging fishing nets of a most peculiar type, it was interesting even without

visions of the mighty Julius. Another fifteen miles and we are in Rimini, having joined the Bologna road, the splendid Via Æmilia of antiquity, a short distance outside the town. We entered over the bridge built by Augustus across the Marecchia. Stopping at the Aquila d' Oro to leave our baggage, we sped on through the Porta Montanara, bound for lofty San Marino, the little republic that is to-day the only exception to

THE RUBICON.

a United Italy. Perched on her precipitous ramparts, she seems impregnable. Even that conqueror of obstacles, Napoleon, passed her by, preferring to direct his energies on a task with results more in proportion to the difficulty.

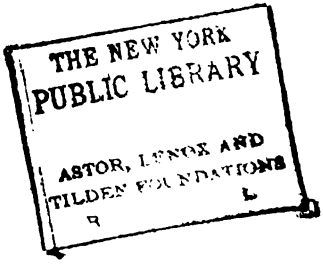
The road, at first almost level, soon became hilly. Before long we came in sight of our lofty destination. One last plunge down into a valley and then up again

we went on a steady, stiff gradient to the top, winding at last in a broad turn around the northerly end of the ridge. With never a tremor or slackening of speed the car shot forward, passed the gateway, and sped upward into the highest piazza, where no car had been before.

As we had come under the shadow of the mountain, a mist had risen over it that was turned by the sun into an aureole of strange beauty. Later, while we sat on the topmost ridge, the mist, which had drifted eastward, produced an effect of which we had heard but never seen. Our figures were reproduced as shadows on the cloud, shadows that were distinct and clear, our movements being readily distinguished. I tried to get some result with the camera, but, needless to say, the attempt proved a failure.

From San Marino the view to west and south-west was a fine one. Snow-peaks capped the distance beyond countless rows of hills. To the south, Urbino could be dimly seen. To the east, after the mist had passed, the hazy Adriatic lay peacefully. At our feet, the narrow white roads stretched away into the distance. After an enjoyable hour we descended to the piazza where stands the Palazzo del Governo, "built from the sale of postage stamps." Of course we all bought stamps and mailed post-cards to friends at home. Then we were off once more for Rimini, arriving before dark. After dinner, a walk of a mile brought us to the beach. Rimini affords fine sea-

153 SAN MARINO.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SAN MARINO—AN OUTLOOK.

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SAN MARINO—THE TOWN HALL.

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bathing, made by November to look anything but inviting.

Rimini, once Ariminum, was an important port under the Romans, sufficiently so for Augustus to build a bridge and a triumphal arch there. The bridge still carries and the arch still spans the highway. The old Romans certainly built for posterity. The Via Flaminia ended here. The Via Æmilia, cutting Italy on the other diagonal, began here. The modern roadway bearing the same name and following the same course runs in a broad straight line from Rimini to Piacenza, over one hundred and sixty miles.

Lovers of Dante know Rimini as the scene of the tragic love-story of Paolo and Francesca. Those who have seen Duse in the admirable dramatisation can easily surround the old castle of the Malatesta with a feudal atmosphere. Sigismondo, the greatest Malatesta, was a patron of the arts. The remodelling of what is to-day known as the "Tempio Malatestiano" (the Duomo) gave Sigismondo an opportunity to employ Leon Battista Alberti as architect, Agostino di Duccio as sculptor, and Piero dei Franceschi as painter. The work of all these men may be seen in the over-decorated edifice in which Sigismondo buried his beloved Isotta. His initial, intertwined with hers, is scattered everywhere, forming "dollar-marks." The elephant, too, is a frequent symbol, causing an irreverent member of the party to nctice the propinquity of "the dollar-mark to the G. O. P." Agostino's

sculptured *putti* and his symbolical figures of women, in relief on a blue ground, are very fine. Perugia will later show us more examples of the interesting work of this sculptor. In the "Chapel of the Relics" is Piero dei Franceschi's picture of Sigismondo kneeling before his patron saint, a simple, straightforward work. With regard to Piero, Mr. Charles Loeser tells an interesting anecdote. With a Japanese, whose family for generations had been art-critics, he was making a round of the National Gallery. The visit over, the Japanese went back to Piero's *Baptism* and proclaimed it the finest work in the gallery. Advanced critics of European art might not all agree with him but they would be far closer to an agreement than the lay mind might suppose.

Rimini's gallery contains an early *Pietà* by Giovanni Bellini. Here Christ is supported by four child-angels, most attractive with their bare legs and banged hair. A local artist, Benedetto Coda, in his enthroned *Madonna* of 1513 shows himself a follower of Lorenzo Costa. A large *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, attributed to Signorelli, is a good but injured work by Zaganelli. The three saints attributed to the school of Ghirlandajo are, together with a figure of God, works of the master himself. The other pictures are of minor importance.

*London.*

PIERO DEI FRANCESCHI—" BAPTISM OF CHRIST."

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*Alinari photo.* *Rimini.*

163 GIOVANNI BELLINI—" PIETÀ."

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## CHAPTER VII.

### FORLÌ, FAENZA, PARMA, MODENA, BOLOGNA.

WE awoke to a rainy day, which made Bertoni look none too cheerful as he brought the car around. Thirty kilometres on the Via Æmelia, with views of San Marino, brought us to Cesena with its hill-top fortress. We were now in the Romagna, a district whose inhabitants are hot-headed but sturdy and intelligent. Bertoni was a Romagnole and a typical one.

Twenty kilometres beyond Cesena, Forlì came into sight. Entering the town, we drew a nice-looking boy onto the foot-board and proceeded to use him as a guide, going first to the church of San Mercuriale. Artistically, Forlì recalls Melozzo and his pupil, Palmezzano. San Mercuriale, San Biagio, and the gallery hold works by the latter which have a deal of charm, in spite of their being third-class. Melozzo was Forlì's greatest painter and a noble one. The local gallery has only his vigorous *Apothecary*, who strenuously works with mortar and pestle. Rome and Loreto contain his best works and now Florence, by a recent acquisition of the Uffizi, delights us with a charming brown-hued figure of an annunciant angel.

Saying good-bye to our young guide, we passed through the Porta Garibaldi en route to Faenza. As we left the town, the sun came out and cheered us up. The next twenty kilometres of fine road brought us, in twenty minutes, to Faenza, where our hungry party made a fine lunch at the Corona.

Faenza, a clean little city, gave its name to the majolica known as "fayence," a collection of which

CESENA.

may be seen in the museum. Here, too, are interesting pictures by the local artists, Bertucci and the little-known Andrea and Giovanni Utili. Bertucci writes himself down as influenced by the Umbrians. The Utili show the influence of Verocchio. Several works, undoubtedly by them, still masquerade under the name of the greater master. A bust of the young *Baptist*, attributed to Donatello, is probably by the hand of

*Alinari photo.* *Uffizi Gallery.*

MELOZZO DE FORLÌ—"GABRIEL."

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*Alinari photo.* *Faenza.*

" THE YOUNG BAPTIST."
(Attributed to Donatello.)

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Antonio Rossellino, who has well portrayed the sweetness of childhood's innocence. Donatello's *St. Jerome* is a fine work.

Faenza boasts a cathedral larger than she was ever able to finish. Like San Petronio, at near-by Bologna, the imposing front shows bare brick instead of the intended marble. Inside, San Savino's tomb is of most interest, a fine work with panels in relief by Benedetto da Majano. A long look, and then we are off again, speeding to Bologna as fast as possible, for we are bound for distant Parma and it is getting late. Bologna stops us for a moment as we call for letters, and then off we go again, through Modena and Reggio. We start our lamps twenty kilometres from Parma, and speed on through the dusk till the lights of the city greet us, the Croce Bianca taking us in for the night.

For the art-lover, Parma and Correggio are synonyms. The master of luminosity has filled his adopted town with works which, though failing to lift him to the pinnacle reached by the great masters of a severer tradition, are yet the finest of their kind. Time has dealt hardly with the most celebrated product of his brush, the *Assumption* that fills the dome of the cathedral, which seemed to have deteriorated somewhat even since our previous visit. To see it at all well, one must climb up to where small balconies look out into the cupola. The wreck of a former glory can give but a small idea of the original effect. Paolo Toschi, by his aquarelle copies in the picture gallery,

has helped us to realise the beauty that has been lost to us.

Correggio's earlier dome-fresco, in S. Giovanni Evangelista, is in better condition. As a whole it is less pleasing than the *Assumption*, though some of the figures are fine. The lunette with St. John, in the same church, is a most effective composition. Modernity has arranged for its lighting by electricity, with a surprisingly good result as to the colour, which fairly glows. The so-called *Camera di San Paolo*, with a ceiling full of cherubs, continues our appreciation of Correggio's art, as does the library with its *Coronation* fresco. The gallery, well rearranged by Corrado Ricci, possesses a truly fine piece of painting. Correggio's *Madonna of St. Jerome* is to me the most thoroughly successful example of the baroque. Its sugary qualities must pall in time, yet one must admit the picture's power to attract. Correggio and Parmigianino, who followed in his footsteps, both come perilously near the border-line of insipidity and yet save themselves by qualities that proclaim their genius. Parmigianino's *Marriage of St. Catherine*, in a neighbouring room, is an excellent example of his work.

Parma's cathedral and octagonal, six-storied baptistery form a fine group. The interior of the latter contains much that is old. Here are early and stately frescoes, painted before Giotto's day, of more importance in art-history than has been accorded them. St. John appears, his head the head of an eagle, and

*Alinari photo* *Parma.*

173 CORREGGIO—" ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST."

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*Anderson photo.* *Parma.*

**CORREGGIO—"MADONNA OF ST. JEROME."**
**(Detail.)**

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likewise Mark, with his lion's head, unusual representations for Italy to give.

The Professor and I had planned to leave early for a run to San Donnino and back, before the rest of the party were up, but Bertoni failed us. We found, on going to his room, that he was ill, so we gave up the idea of the extra trip. Returning to Bologna we stopped at Modena for a quick visit to the gallery, where there are three excellent Dossos. The *Madonna with Sts. George and Michael* is very virile, particularly the figure of St. George. Modena's cathedral, with its fine old portals, in interesting. The pinkish-yellow, brick interior is effective it its almost Norman simplicity. We stopped a moment at the home of Bertoni's brother, but Bertoni was too miserable to enjoy seeing his family, even the pretty sister being unable to cheer him up. We went on again through a downpour. It was a mud-bespattered party that drew up at the Hotel Brun. The house looked inviting, but the proprietor, sanguine of his ability to squeeze automobilists, so priced his rooms that we departed forthwith, to find excellent accommodations at the Italia.

Our experience of the *Via Æmilia* was a pleasing one, in spite of the mud. The smoothness of the road is unbroken, the rises at culverts or bridges being so admirably graded that the car goes over them at great speed without the sign of a jounce. Indicative of the smoothness was our experience with a big black beetle, that struck the front of the dash and rebounded onto the

radiator-cap, where he lay for some time on his back, spinning like a good fellow. As he failed to bounce off, I finally reached over and set him straight. A "lady" crossing-keeper on the railroad, near Reggio, showed us courtesy by opening the gates after they were closed in expectation of a train. It is an aggravation to motorists to know that the law gives gate-keepers the right to close the gates fifteen minutes before a train is scheduled to arrive. Under the recent régime, whereby Italian trains are allowed to run behind even *their* slow schedules, considerable annoyance may be caused. Once or twice on the trip we had trouble, but usually the gate-keepers were very decent. One fellow who heard us coming thought that we were a train and rushed to close his gates. It took a long argument to prove him wrong. When he finally let us through, the bystanders jeered him heartily.

Bologna is a city of colonnades. One can walk for long distances under cover, a great convenience in so moist a climate. Situated just north of the Apennines, the town gets a good share of rain, evidenced during our stay. The streets are lined with handsome old buildings, for the most part three stories in height, producing an unusual uniformity that gives character to the town. Bologna is an intellectual and literary centre and one of the most progressive towns in Europe. In many respects it reminds one of Milan, but there is more of an atmosphere than the heterogeneous Lombard capital possesses, due, perhaps, to Bologna's

179 JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA—"NATIVITY." *San Petronio, Bologna.*

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smaller size. The life of the city centres in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and the adjoining Piazza del Nettuno, where Giovanni da Bologna's bronze *Neptune*, an utterly uninspiring baroque figure, tops Laurati's fountain. The near-by church of S. Petronio, the most important in Bologna, stands uncompleted, the bricks of its upper front rising bare above the noble sculptures of the great Sienese, Jacopo della Quercia. Master Jacopo was a truly great artist, deserving of a place beside his somewhat younger contemporary, Donatello. In looking at these S. Petronio panels, one feels crudely the spirit that later informed the work of Michael Angelo. How splendid are the creations of Adam and Eve, and the Temptation; how truly the artist felt the solemnity of the Nativity and Epiphany! The church has a very spacious interior. Our visit was at "All Saints," an important day in Italy, and a portion of the huge nave had been covered by a canopy, making it easier for the congregation to hear the sermon preached beneath it. With vehement gesture a padre with fine, clear-cut profile was urging upon his hearers the practicability of a truly Christian life amid modern conditions. The sermon over, we wandered through the many chapels, filled with frescoes and altarpieces of varied epochs. Nothing here, however, shows an artist at his best, so a description is superfluous. The Museum of Antiquities near S. Petronio is interesting for its Etruscan remains and for a fine head of Athena, which Fürtwängler plausibly contends had a Pheidian

original. The Palazzo Bevilacqua, with its fine court, deserves a visit as one goes to S. Domenico, where rest the remains of the great founder of the Dominicans, an angel on whose tomb is an early work of Michael Angelo.

Between S. Domenico and the leaning towers we stop at S. Giovanni in Monte to see a *Madonna* by Lorenzo Costa, who, though born in Ferrara, may be considered one of the Bolognese school. More than twenty of his most active years were spent in Bologna, in co-operation with Francia, the greatest of Bologna's painters of the late quattrocento. The church of Santo Stefano, that queer architectural combination, is near-by. Seven churches, of dates varying from the fourth to the seventeenth century, are here massed in one connected group, making one think of the "gingerbread church" of Moscow.

Bologna's leaning towers, Garisenda and Asinelli, were built early in the twelfth century, before Pisa's tower was thought of. The high Asinelli is but little out of the perpendicular but appears more so from the fact that the obliquely built Garisenda leans in the opposite direction. The Asinelli makes a picturesque landmark, whose top affords a fine view. The neighbouring church of S. Giacomo Maggiore contains the chapel of Bologna's proud Bentivoglio family, adorned by Costa and Francia with notable works. Costa's picture of 1488 shows the Virgin and Child seated on a throne built in typical Ferrarese style. The portraits

THE LEANING TOWERS—BOLOGNA.

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*Alinari photo.* *Bologna.*

COSTA—MADONNA OF THE BENTIVOGLIO FAMILY.

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*Anderson photo.* *S. Giacomo Maggiore, Bologna.*

**FRANCESCO FRANCIA—DETAIL OF "BENTIVOGLIO MADONNA."**

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of the Bentivoglio family, father, mother, four sons, and seven daughters, make one "*de*lighted." Costa's other works here show the influence of Tura and Ercole Roberti. His later pictures become far less severe and more akin to the style of Francia. The latter's *Bentivoglio Madonna*, dated 1499, is one of the finest things he ever did, a truly noble work. If we go from here to the gallery and look at Raphael's over-praised *St. Cecilia*, we are loath to believe the story that Francia pined away, broken-hearted, over his inability to compete with the art of the younger master as shown in the *St. Cecilia*. Francia's picture is so far superior to the Raphael that we hate to think of the older man's heartburnings over a matter that posterity is bound to set right, though long in the doing. The *St. Cecilia* is a work of which it is difficult to speak temperately. How any one with a really refined and educated taste can like the picture is beyond comprehension. "What a loss to art was Raphael's early death," is a cry that has come down the years. We may be more than thankful that he did not live ten years longer. I dread to think what the art of the great genius would have degenerated into by that time. Superlative facility dethrones Raphael. Greatest of draughtsmen, his popularity lessened his inspiration. While he remains himself, Umbrian, he gives us pleasure; but we cease to love him from the day he becomes eclectic. His reputation will grow less with the centuries. However great his powers, his pictures proclaim that longer life

would not have made him the equal of Michael Angelo, Titian, or Velasquez. Even his own teacher, Perugino, who painted still when Raphael had gone, holds him-

*James Simon Coll., Berlin.*

VERMEER—"THE LETTER."

self true to his art. His pictures have a quality of restraint that refuses to be debased by the fatal facility of the time and he remains master of himself to the end.

In a later age, Vermeer and Millet are splendid exponents of the same quality. Perfect balance through restraint has never been more completely expressed than in Vermeer's. *Woman Receiving a Letter*, in the Simon Collection, Berlin.

Starting out early one morning, we visited the oratory of S. Cecilia, whose walls are frescoed with scenes from the life of the saint, by Francia, Costa, and their pupils. Francia shows best here in his charming *Marriage of Cecilia and Valerian.* We reached the near-by Academy some minutes before its opening, and, while waiting, were much amused by some youngsters who were gambling in a most unique manner. Each player had a number of old pens which were laid down side by side, hollow side down. The player licked his index finger, laid it across the pens and lifted it suddenly, drawing up as many pens as would stick. The pens did not remain stuck, but fell back to the pavement. As far as we could make out, the more pens that fell on their backs, the better for the player. While we watched, three or four other youngsters came up, each hauling out a bunch of pens as he approached. One mournful little chap lost all his pens and had to quit. The game must certainly keep the school authorities busy supplying pens.

The gallery contains some fine pictures. Francia is well represented, Costa less so. The later Bolognese school of the Caracci offers many works, Guido Reni in particular being eminent. A fine master he would

have been had he lived in the "good time." Early Bolognese art is represented by Avanzo (not the Paduan) whose *ancona* is well worth study. He was a Giottist, with a fine sense of colour and a nobility of type. The Vivarini have an altarpiece here that takes us back to Venice. Cossa, of Ferrara, shows a strong *Madonna*. Of Niccolò Alunno, whom we meet later in Umbria, there are good examples, and of Timoteo Viti, Raphael's early master, there is a repentant *Magdalen* that is a trifle too pleasing. The collection, as a whole, is interesting, but most disappointing if one goes expecting to enjoy "the gem of the gallery," as our friend Baedeker puts it.

The while we filled our eyes and minds with Bologna's sights, our poor Bertoni lay in bed under the care of the doctor, who finally decided that the case was serious and that ten days, at least, would be necessary to recovery. After sending to Modena for Bertoni's brother, we determined to go over the mountains to Florence, if we could get a chauffeur. As soon as his brother arrived, Bertoni insisted, in spite of the doctor, upon going to his old home in Modena, and did so, being laid up there for a long time with a severe case of typhoid.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE RATICOSA PASS, FLORENCE, VALLOMBROSA, PRATO, PISTOJA.

WE were lucky in finding a capable chauffeur to take us to Florence. He was the head of the Fiat agency at Bologna and we felt safe in his hands. Leaving on a sunny afternoon by the Porta Sto. Stefano, we followed what is known as the "old road," by way of Pianoro, Lojano, and the Raticosa Pass. We soon began to ascend and before long had splendid views of the great plain to the north. Later, the Adriatic became visible. As we neared the top of the pass, a wind, bearing icy particles, came straight into our faces. It was worse than our Mont Cenis experience. Once beyond the pass, conditions became more comfortable and we were able to enjoy the view. Great masses of a scrubby sort of beech filled the landscape with their yellow-red glory. The whole countryside was divided into shooting-preserves. Proprietary signposts were everywhere: "Bandita Corsini," "Bandita Torrigiano," etc., the latter recalling the story of Michael Angelo's broken nose. The Italians love shooting, even though a microscope be necessary for the discovery of the victims. The pitiful strings of wee

birds that one sees hanging in front of poultry shops emphasise one of the few bad traits common to all Italians,—thoughtless cruelty to animals. Recently

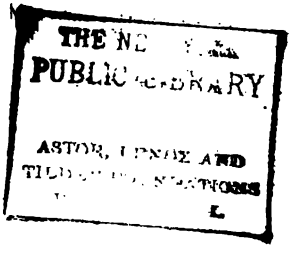
THE DOME, FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.

there has been some betterment in conditions,—witness the officers who now protect overworked horses on the Via del Tritone and other steep streets of Rome.

It began to rain again and toward dark we missed

*Alinari photo.* *Duomo, Florence.*

MICHAEL ANGELO—"PIETÀ."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our road and lost half an hour. However, things straightened themselves and we were soon exclaiming

*Anderson photo.* *San Lorenzo, Florence.*

MICHAEL ANGELO—HEAD OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

at the myriad lights which the Florentines, by ancient custom, keep on the graves of their dead at All Saints

and during the week following. We were far above them as they twinkled into view and they seemed innumerable. The road was steep and slippery, which, with the darkness, made our new chauffeur's task no light one. In spite of everything, we drew up at the hotel a bit after six.

Florence, name of a thousand memories! Town of Dante and Giotto, Savonarola and Lorenzo, of Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Donatello; watched over equally by Fiesole to the north and by San Miniato to the southward; nobly built throughout, but glorying chiefly in Brunelleschi's swelling dome and the rocket tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. Graceful loggia, frowning palace, frescoed wall, finest work of sculptor's chisel,—with all these has Florence been dowered by the great men to whom she gave birth or asylum in the days when she stood foremost as the intellectual centre of the world.

As we pass the marbled front of the cathedral, something calls us and we find ourselves walking the cheerless nave. The magnet that draws us is hidden, inconspicuous in its position behind the high altar. Michael Angelo's great *Pietà*, far nobler than his earlier work in St. Peter's, stands there in the dim light, unfinished but powerful, the great, hooded figure of Joseph of Arimathea looming up over the group, majestic and mournful. One may well believe the story that the sombre sculptor intended this to surmount his tomb. Surely his mighty soul guided his

*Alinari photo.* *S. Croce, Florence.*

DONATELLO—" ANNUNCIATION."

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hand in the work and yet speaks to us from the silent marble. Florence would perform a good deed did she bring her sculptor's bones and place them here. Michael Angelo's spiritless tomb in Santa Croce does not worthily cover the dead master, work of his loving disciple though it be.

Florence shows us much of Michael Angelo's greatness. The *David*, the *Brutus*, the powerful Lapith relief, the Medici tombs, all are here. In the presence of his best works it is hard to acknowledge that Michael Angelo has had an equal in any age. Certainly no type of being has been figured by another that can equal his, in either power or physical majesty. "*Ingens*" is a fit adjective to put to it. His creations brood with a brooding so intense that in their presence silence becomes audible. We may not like it, but who of us is unmoved?

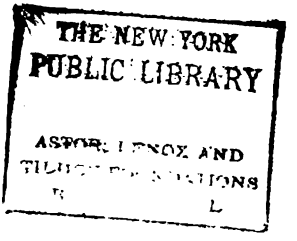
Donatello, too, is well seen in Florence. A nobly proportioned room in the Bargello is now his own, holding many of his works and casts of all his others. Padua's *Gattamelata* stands in the centre. *St. George*, brought for protection from Or San Michele, is here. A *Judith* and a *David*, in bronze, are sterling works, while the bust of Niccolò da Uzzano is the finest thing of its kind. Of all Donatello's works, however, to me most pleasing is the *Annunciation* in Santa Croce, nobly conceived and finely executed. Luca della Robbia, founder of a new art, was Florence's third great plastic artist. His *cantoria* or choir loft,

in the museum of the cathedral, perhaps his finest work, bears comparison with Donatello. Ghiberti, Verocchio, and the Pollaiuoli are other Florentine names to which the treasures of Florence bear witness.

Countless paintings fill the galleries, churches, and palaces. Amid such richness of choice, the art-lover scarce knows which way to turn. The Uffizi makes first claim, more now than ever, thanks to the added attractiveness brought about by its able directors. A rearrangement of the pictures has worked wonders. Primitive and late works are no longer in killing proximity and a harmonious whole gives the maximum of pleasure to the student. The Uffizi and the Pitti are treasure-houses of a melange of schools and periods. Would we study Florentine artists particularly, what a field is there for our endeavours! Giotto at Santa Croce, Fra Angelico at the Academy and San Marco, Benozzo in the Riccardi Chapel, Masaccio at the Carmine, Castagno at S. Apollonia. Fra Filippo, strangely, has but one picture in a Florentine church, S. Lorenzo, though the Academy shows more than half a dozen. His son, Filippino, meets us in the Carmine and the Badia, and with later, over-decorated, neo-classic monstrosities, pleasing withal, in Santa Maria Novella. Botticelli shows his greatness in the Academy, the Uffizi, and in the private apartments of the Pitti Palace. He is, in many ways, the greatest purely Florentine artist. Leonardo and Michael Angelo do not bespeak their native soil as he does. Call the

*Anderson photo.* *Uffizi Gallery.*

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI—MADONNA.
(Detail.)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*Alinari photo.* *Uffizi Gallery.*

BOTTICELLI—BIRTH OF VENUS.
(Detail.)

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*S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, Florence*

PERUGINO—HEAD OF THE VIRGIN.
(Detail of a Crucifixion.)

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number of his splendid works. They lift him to a high place in art:—the *Judith*, the *Fortezza*, the *Primavera*, the *Birth of Venus*, the *Pallas*—all of the first rank as works of beauty and imagination. Ghirlandajo we find at Santa Maria Novella, where his frescoes were being cleaned during our visit, a scaffolding, reaching to the top of the choir, being built for the use of the workmen. I wandered in, one holiday afternoon, and found the church deserted. No one forbidding, I climbed far up, to the topmost row of frescoes. A good workman was Domenico, with nothing slipshod in his execution. The highest figures, as the lowest, were done with loving care. Domenico loved his work and loved to work. It was he who cried for all the walls of Florence, that he might cover them with frescoes. He should have fame for himself and not alone as the master of Michael Angelo. Andrea del Sarto lords it at the Annunziata and the Scalzo. S. Salvi holds his *Last Supper*, which, some say, is the sole design to be unkilled by memories of Leonardo's work. May I suggest that Tintoretto's San Giorgio picture is worthy of better comment?

Florence was long the home of Perugino. To-day we find him in S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, where his frescoed *Crucifixion* charms both in itself and in its setting. Ruskin's *Mornings in Florence* leads us to the cloisters of S. Maria Novella and the Spanish Chapel. Santa Croce's Giottos are not so fine as Padua's yet are they still fine. One could go on and

on, enumerating Florence's charms, but we must get back to our Fiat.

When we reached Florence, we telegraphed Turin for a chauffeur. He soon arrived and made a favourable impression, his only fault being an appearance so distinguished that the rest of the party were completely cast in the shade. Our trial trip was to Vallombrosa, over very muddy roads. Mazzini proved an expert. From the beginning, however, he showed himself the possessor of a severe case of speed-mania. Curves were his delight and he invariably opened the throttle at sight of one.

MAZZINI, OUR "LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR."

We followed the right bank of the Arno, up-stream, to Pontassieve, taking a short cut to the left, just beyond, instead of continuing on to S. Ellero. We began to gain altitude at once and had fine views, but the going was poor and we were sorry we had left the main road. Up we went, through olive-orchards and vineyards, which later gave place to groves of gorgeous-

hued chestnuts, chestnuts of more brilliant foliage than America can show. Latest and best of all came the straight, lofty, thick-growing hemlocks, for which Vallombrosa is famous. Beneath their sky-obscuring branches the earth looked purple in the twilight, save where the brilliant green of bedded moss broke the monotone. The trees rose tall on either side of the narrow road, the effect being indescribable. Under different conditions, I am sure the forest would be awesome; but the steady beat of our engine, as it took the grade, broke the silence and made us feel at home. We reached the top and drove into the court of the convent, just as a front tire flattened out. It was our first puncture of the trip.

Vallombrosa has naught of interest to boast, save that which nature has given her. The bare convent buildings now shelter a school of forestry. The cheerless hostelry provided us with an excellent out-of-season lunch. Soon Mazzini appeared, reporting the tire trouble over, and we were off again by another road down the steep hill to Incisa, on the Arno, with views more entrancing than before. Running up the valley to Figlino, we crossed the river and spun over the hills through Greve to Florence, arriving just as the skies poured forth the torrents which, all day long, they had been threatening.

The next day, though the rain continued, we decided that it was better to start than to wait, as the deluge seemed good for a week, so we ploughed off, through the

mud, to Pistoja. Prato, through which we passed, had been visited on a bright day from Florence. A good light is needful to do justice to Fra Filippo's fine frescoes in the choir of the cathedral, which tell the stories of the Baptist and St. Stephen. These well-known works are no more deserving than those in the adjacent chapel to the right, attributed to Starnina. Whoever the artist, he was great, of a period earlier

NEAR INCISA—VAL D'ARNO.

than Masaccio, yet having much in common with him, filling an unoccupied niche in the orderly history of artistic development. His quality is no whit inferior to Masaccio's. The *Birth of the Virgin* and the *Sposalizio* are truly hieratic representations, painted with great feeling. With a naïve dignity he treats the *Burial of St. Stephen.* We are shown, not the original entombment of the saint, but the second,

DONATELLO—PULPIT OF THE CATHEDRAL, PRATO.

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when the body was brought to Rome and placed in the same sarcophagus with that of St. Lawrence. The legend is, that when the tomb of Lawrence was opened, the body lay to the right. As the body of Stephen was being placed within, Lawrence moved over to the left, giving to Stephen the place of honour, due him as the protomartyr. Lawrence is, in consequence, known to Italians as "the polite saint."

Donatello's open-air pulpit on the cathedral, with its dancing cherubs weathered to a flatter relief than those of the Florence *cantoria*, is splendidly designed. Another attraction that Prato may boast is a charming frescoed street-shrine, by Filippino, a work of simplicity that gives no token of the decadent master's later tendency to over-adornment.

Pistoja's rain-beaten thoroughfares were anything but inviting to sightseers, so our visit was limited to the Baptistery, the Palazzo Pretorio, with its fine court, and the Duomo. In the latter is a problem-picture of fine quality, its fineness, indeed, partly negativing the attribution to Lorenzo di Credi. The Virgin, with the Child on her lap, sits between St. Zenobius, in his bishop's robes, his mitre and crozier, and John the Baptist in his camel's-hair undergarment. Mr. Berenson, in *Drawings of Florentine Painters*, sets the picture down as an early work by Lorenzo, though affirming that a part of the figure of the Baptist was painted by Verocchio, Lorenzo's master and a far greater man. Morelli would add to the share which

Verocchio had in the picture and he, too, emphasises the Verocchiesque rendering of the Baptist's limbs. To me, the Zenobius is by far the most Verocchiesque

*Alinari photo.* *Pistoja.*

VEROCCHIO AND LORENZO DI CREDI—MADONNA.

part of the work, far and away beyond the power of Lorenzo di Credi. What figure has he painted that can bear comparison with the Zenobius in either dignity or strength? The Baptist, on the other hand, is

weak, both in type and modelling. Granted the closeness of the nude portions to Verocchio's celebrated *Baptism*, the forms here are far closer to Lorenzo's Fiesole version of the *Baptism* than they are to the original. The cathedral's other object of interest, the tomb of Cardinal Forteguerri, originally by Verocchio, has suffered barbarous additions by later hands, so that our pleasure in it is in good part gone.

On the way out of Pistoja we passed the Ospedale del Ceppo, with its coloured della Robbia frieze, emblematic of the seven works of mercy. We lunched at the Baths of Montecatini, a summer place, gloomy enough in a winter downpour. Lunch over, we sought a near-by villa, owned by a count with pictures to sell, who proved a very hospitable gentleman. But his pictures were not all that he believed them—and the prices! Two hundred thousand francs were taken off at one fell swoop, "just for the sake of doing a little business." More mud and a bit of trouble, due to the loss of a bolt, brought us to Lucca. Dinner in our room, near a cosy fire, made us forget the miserable weather.

## CHAPTER IX.

### LUCCA, PISA, LEGHORN, VOLTERRA, COLLE.

AT an English grocery in Florence we had procured some "Force" and at the Lucca hotel gave orders overnight to be sure and have cream for our breakfast. We had it, but served boiling hot! nticipation did a lightning change into disappointment, but we managed to cheer up and swallowed the combination.

Lucca is a most interesting place, with ancient churches as fine as any in Tuscany. Backward in painting, she has given us one sculptor of sterling merit, Matteo Civitali, whose works are among her chief treasures. The finest, a *Virgin and Child*, is in the SS. Trinita. Baedeker certainly deserves censure for making no mention of this, one of the finest sculptures of the Renaissance. *In Tuscany*, Carmichael's excellent book, makes up for the oversight by a sympathetic description.

The ancient doorways, with their quaint sculpture, are the chief adornment of S. Maria Forisportam, a church dating, in good part, from the time of Charlemagne. The way from here to San Frediano leads

*Alinari photo.* *Lucca.*

CIVITALI—MADONNA.

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*Alinari photo.* *Lucca.*

221 JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA—TOMB OF ILARIA DEL CARRETTO.

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past the high, gothic Palazzo Guinigi, topped by a tower picturesquely crowned with a cluster of growing trees.

S. Frediano, an Irishman who became Bishop of Lucca in the sixth century, founded the church which to-day bears his name. It was rebuilt in the twelfth century. The mosaic of that period which adorns the façade, a representation of Christ, throned in glory, gives an effect that is more novel than pleasing. Seen from the rear, with its high campanile, the church is much more attractive. Inside, we find pictures by Francia and by his pupil, Aspertini, and a sculptured altar by Jacopo della Quercia, the great Sienese whom Bologna introduced to us. His most attractive work is here in Lucca, a splendid tomb in which sleeps Ilaria del Carretto. May she rest as peacefully as her quiet and noble image in Lucca's cathedral would portend. Before reaching the cathedral, one may stop to admire the curious façade decoration of S. Michele, a building of which Ruskin was extremely fond. Many and strange are the animals, taken from the "bestiaries," whose images fill the spaces over the porches. The cathedral, with similar decoration, is particularly attractive for its campanile and the fine arches of its loggia. Inside, we find Civitali everywhere, at his best, though, in the Noceto tomb and the pulpit. By him, too, is the shrine erected to hold the "Volto Santo," the miraculous image of Christ for which Lucca was, in past time, famous. Aspertini, in one of his

San Frediano frescoes, shows us the image being drawn by oxen to Lucca, after its discovery in the sea.

Fra Bartolommeo has adorned the cathedral with his finest work, an enthroned Madonna with Stephen and the Baptist. In but a slightly less degree than Mantegna, is the Frate unsympathetic. However much his drawings may attract, his paintings leave us cold. The cathedral picture and the two masterpieces in the gallery fail to arouse the slightest feeling of sympathy.

The church of S. Romano, with the tomb of that saint by Civitali, deserves a visit. It is adjacent to the Palazzo Provinciale, which houses the picture gallery. Aside from the two Bartolommeo's and a couple of Bronzino's, there is nothing of much importance. Of interest was a portrait of Federico of Urbino, attributed to Baroccio, a slightly inferior replica of a picture which has come into the possession of the author. Various reasons make the Baroccio attribution doubtful. In all probability both pictures, together with the earlier one in the Pitti Palace, where Federico is seen in his cradle, and another, belonging to the author, are by Vitali, pupil of Baroccio at Urbino.

While we were in the gallery, it began to hail strenuously. The ground soon became white. To north and south the sky was perfectly clear, while a long band of cloud, stretching east and west, made Lucca the storm centre. After an hour's wait, the same conditions still prevailing, we determined to try for

*Collection of the Author.*

FEDERICO OF URBINO—BY VITALI.

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*Alinari photo.* *Pitti Gallery, Florence.*



FEDERICO OF URBINO—ATTRIBUTED TO BAROCCIO.

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the clear sky to the south. First we had a spin over the boulevard that tops the ancient ramparts, the weather spoiling the usually splendid view, and then the Fiat ploughed Pisa-ward through a sea of slush. After two miles we suddenly found ourselves in clear sunlight, with, to the north, brilliant views of high snow-patches on the hills, where the sun had broken through. Pisa soon came in sight, her marble cathe-

CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER, PISA.

dral, baptistery, and leaning tower shining white in the new-found sun. Unequalled in their way, these noble buildings that form the city's heritage give the visitor an ever-recurrent joy. It seemed odd to be visiting such old friends by automobile.

The cathedral, with a façade that served as a prototype to the cathedral and San Michele in Lucca, is the earliest building of the group. Begun as a thank-

offering for a naval victory over the Saracens in 1063, it was fifty years in the building. Fire has brought

*Siena Cathedral*

GIOVANNI PISANO—A SIBYL.

some changes. The old bronze doors are gone, with the exception of that in the south transept, which

looks primitive enough to have existed before the flood.

To Pisa goes the credit of bringing forth the artist who "originated" the Renaissance. Niccolò Pisano, born some twenty years before Cimabue, namely, about 1206, was drawn by admiration for an old Roman sarcophagus into an attempt to copy, though crudely, its motive and workmanship, thus giving a new birth to classic art. Niccolò's best known work, his pulpit, is here in Pisa, in the swelling-domed baptistery that faces the cathedral. The five marble panels, on which, in high relief, are depicted scenes from the life of Christ, are remarkable for their advance over the work that immediately preceded them. Giovanni Pisano, son of Niccolò, maker of the pulpit that has been transferred from the cathedral to the museum, was also an admirable artist. His figure of a sibyl, on the exterior of Siena's cathedral, is fine.

The baptistery's wonderful echo of our guide's fine tenor notes—winged notes they were as they soared upward into the vault of the dome—held us spellbound for a time, after which we went to the "Campo Santo," the "Holy Ground," truly "holy" as the earth included in its precincts was brought from the Holy Land at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Here fresco-painter vied with fresco-painter in giving storied decoration to the walls. Orcagna and the Lorenzetti are masters to whom certain frescoes of the *Triumph of Death* and the *Hermits of the Thebaid* have long been attributed, but modern criticism voices

a denial. Benozzo Gozzoli is here with a series of Old Testament stories, far less attractive, however, than as we see him in the Riccardi Chapel or at San Gimignano and Montefalco. It is useless to try to describe at length the various monuments, ancient and modern, with which the Campo Santo is filled. One can wander musingly about for a long time and, coming again and again, can always find something that was overlooked before. Our trip on this occasion was rather hurried. We passed by the Leaning Tower, and went on to the church of S. Caterina, where Traini, an early Pisan painter, shows us St. Thomas Aquinas in glory. A *Madonna and Saints* here by Albertinelli is, according to Berenson, based on a cartoon by Fra Bartolommeo. Nino Pisano, a fourteenth-century sculptor, shows us figures of Gabriel and the Virgin which are equally attractive with the better-known figures in the museum. In the seminary attached to the church are several pictures of interest. Simone Martini, Giotto's great contemporary, is represented by a fine altarpiece, in many parts, dated 1320. Traini, in several panels, proves himself a follower of Orcagna.

The Civic Museum contains a number of very interesting things, best of all, a *Madonna* by Gentile da Fabriano. Gentile's pictures breathe forth an invigorating something that is hard to explain. The true lover of Italy's chaster art is drawn to Gentile and his ilk far more strongly than to a Titian, who, with all his glory, gives way when such as Gentile are in the viewing.

We decided to go on to Leghorn for the night, so as to be ahead of our schedule in the morning. Approaching the Arno, we found the entire population lined up along the banks, watching to see if the bridges were capable of withstanding the flood of waters. There had been a cloud-burst somewhere upstream and the river was surging down in a wondrous manner. We were glad to get across in safety. The Leghorn road

THE ARNO IN FLOOD—PISA.

was an improvement on the one from Lucca and the thirteen miles were quickly made. Long stretches of wonderful stone pines against the lowering sun put one more memory to Italy's credit. Before dinner we walked out on the "Medicean Mole" upon whose outer breakwater the waves beat high against the redness of the afterglow.

Leghorn is an unattractive seaport, dirty and filled

with a polyglot mass of inhabitants. We were glad to slip away early the next morning. Siena was our goal, with Volterra as a lunch-station, and things resulted in that way but not quite according to schedule. We met good weather shortly after leaving Leghorn. The road ran along the rocky coast for some twenty miles. Here and there forests of tall pines ran down to the sea. Just before reaching Cecina, we turned inland, through a country where the grape and olive thrive abundantly. As we came to higher ground there was less fertility and many signs of past volcanic action. Some forty-five miles from Leghorn as the Fiat tops a rise on the high speed, lordly Volterra looms majestically into view across the uplands. We are all expectancy, as we make out the battlemented lines of the great fortress. Eager to arrive, Fate betrayed us. We ran up behind a horseman whose steed showed fright, so much so that we came to a stop some distance away. The horse pranced around in all directions and finally backed into one of our headlights, breaking the glass and rather flattening things out, spoiling our ship-shape condition. Mr. Horse immediately set sail and it was some time before we passed him, closing incident number one. Incident number two was more serious. It occurred about two miles from Volterra as we were on the up-grade. A heavy cart ahead of us, going our way, turned out to the left as we approached. Just as we reached it, it turned sharply to the right and—bang! we struck it.

A nicely bent front axle was the result. It took about an hour to get things into workable condition, a number of carters lending their assistance. Mazzini showed great ingenuity in the use of poles, whose leverage straightened the axle. Finally we were off again, not much the worse for wear, after giving our thanks and some coin of the realm to our ten assistants. The money went to the most responsible-looking man, to

ON THE WAY TO VOLTERRA.

be divided equally. This did n't please some who had worked hard while others simply held a wheel or did something equally easy. We left them to work it out to their own satisfaction and pushed on to Volterra in time for some sightseeing before lunch, which, however, we took the precaution to order beforehand.

Volterra, when Rome was still ruled by kings, was one of the most powerful of the twelve cities of the

Etruscan confederacy. Her ancient "Pelasgic" walls have a circuit of over four miles. Her mighty fortress, massively mediæval, is one of the most imposing buildings in Europe. Its modern use as a House of Correction has closed it to visitors, so one gets the best impression of its vastness before going into the city. We enter by the huge Etruscan Porta all' Arco and go to the north end of the height on which Volterra lies, a part free

THE CASTLE WALL, VOLTERRA.

from buildings, in order to get the splendid view in all directions. Here we get an opportunity to inspect the old walls and may look down into "Le Balze," the deep ravine that grows larger, year by year, as it caves its way into the city. Several of the old buildings have been swallowed up by it and more are threatened. The cathedral, formerly of great interest, has been stripped of most of its pictures, which are now in the

gallery. The old pulpit, with its curious representation of the Last Supper, showing Judas kneeling at Jesus' feet, and the early wooden *Deposition* are worthy of notice. Mino's angel candle-bearers are attractive. Albertinelli's *Annunciation* is the only good picture left. Rosso, Signorelli, Taddeo Bartoli, and Ghirlandajo are to be seen in the gallery, which contains nothing, however, of primary importance. The

SIENESE CYPRESSES.

Etruscan museum is most interesting, particularly for its cinerary urns.

Leaving Volterra by the road that runs under the long line of the citadel, we soon turn to the left to the church of San Girolamo, where Benvenuto of Siena charms us with a most characteristic *Annunciation* watched over by Michael and Catherine. Here, too, are fine terra-cotta reliefs, a *St. Francis in Glory* and

a *Last Judgment*, the former certainly and the latter possibly by Andrea della Robbia.

We went on again, to be held up almost immediately by a puncture, our second since Turin. It was a bad cut, necessitating the replacing of the shoe, which took some time. We were objects of interest to two young girls, who, in their felt hats (typical of the district), stood knitting as they watched us. Finally we were off again, over bare hills, passing near a high ruined tower that dominated the landscape. Siena's nearness was attested by the "burnt Siena" colour of the earth in the ploughed orchards of olive, earth that entered into a splendid colour-scheme with the silvered green of the trees above. Cypresses, for which the Siena country is noted, sentinelled the hilltops. Before reaching Colle we had a distant view of many-towered San Gimignano. Colle, with its old wall and narrow, steep street, full of children, did not delay us long. It is rapidly becoming a town of industrial importance. In S. Agostino, at the foot of the hill, are a *Deposition*, by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, and a *Madonna*, by Taddeo Bartoli, the latter covered over by another picture. The upper half of the Virgin may be seen through a hole cut in the outer picture. Her head is hung with tinsel and cheap jewelry, so that one can see nothing clearly. Such vandalism should be prohibited.

From Colle to Siena is less than twenty miles. We ran east till we reached the main road from Florence,

turning south where Monteriggione, on her hill, sits behind the walls of which Dante speaks in the *Inferno*. The road wound over the hills and around them, Mazzini putting on more speed than necessary at the curves, due to his desire to finish the trip without lighting up. The sun set and the full moon rose, just as we came in sight of the high cathedral and of the Mangia, noblest tower of them all!

## CHAPTER X.

### SIENA, SAN GIMIGNANO, SAN GALGANO, MASSA.

SIENA has but one rival in Italy as a base for the motorist, Perugia. Both cities are ideal centres for excursions into the surrounding, art-infested country. The two districts, of which each is the respective centre, vary remarkably in topography. From Siena, we run out along the tops of the hills, bare hills, for the most part, volcanic in their nature. We look straight away to great distances. From Perugia we run through valleys and our look is ever upward. Siena's art, subtle in its nature, differs somewhat from the creations that give fame to the school of Umbria. The works of both schools are filled with poetic and spiritual essence. Siena shows us this to the higher degree, yielding to Umbria, however, in vigour.

Siena was our headquarters for a comfortable ten days. Had the weather been more propitious, our stay would have been simply delightful. As it was, we made the best of it, keeping the good days for the longer excursions.

Siena's cathedral, with its over-decorated façade and many-striped tower, harbours Pinturicchio's story of Pope Pius II., best known member of that Piccolo-

mini family, whose *stemma*, or coat of arms, five crescents laid on a cross, is so much in evidence in the city. Pinturicchio proves himself past-master of decoration, producing here one of the finest cycles of frescoes known to the Renaissance. At the first glimpse of the young Æneas, as he sets forth on his journey to Basle, we fall in love with the spirited young figure on the white charger.

Interesting as is the cathedral, we can let our imagination soar beyond it as we look up at the high, unfinished wall, planned as the façade of a greater building of which the present cathedral would have been but the transept; a project defeated by the great plague of 1348. One of the unfinished aisles encloses the "Opera" of the cathedral, to which we go to view Duccio's picture, that tells us the Bible story in a manner that shows art just a-tiptoe to say farewell to Byzantine tradition.

Siena is too well-known to receive any detailed description here. Her attractiveness is not so proclaimed as that of Florence, yet it is there, it is insidious, and it grows with time. Nothing in Florence can compare with the wondrous beauty of a Siena sunset seen over numberless ridges of distant hills, with San Domenico and the broken line of the cathedral framing the picture to right and left. Such a view we had from our window. And our window was not the only window. Siena's view, from her elevated position, stretches in every direction. Perhaps the most lovely was to be

had from the house of a friend, a view that had the Mangia as the glory of its foreground and then swept

*Lombardi photo.* *Siena Library.*

PINTURICCHIO—ÆNEAS SILVIUS DEPARTS FOR BASLE.

off into the south to cloud-topped Monte Amiata, whose outline is the chief landmark of southern Tuscany.

Siena's old walls, ivy-covered, are an attraction that the visitor should not overlook. We may see them

THE OLD WALL, SIENA.

best by passing through a gateway to the right of the oratory of San Bernardino, coming out on an open

slope, whose green grass and groves of olive bring us at once from the city to the country. A furlong distant, along the hillside, runs the high wall that joins the Porta Ovile to the Porta Pispini. In earlier days, when Siena's population was greater, no doubt the open space was filled with buildings. To-day, however, it is a delightful spot in which to linger with a book.

The picture gallery is filled with the ever-attractive works of Sienese artists, difficult at first to separate, one from the other, as their most obvious quality is one they have in common, namely, their spirit. Further acquaintance opens our eyes and Matteo, Neroccio, Benvenuto, Sano, and the rest become distinguishable. Here we learn to know Sassetta, that most ethereal of artists, whose small panel at Chantilly, long attributed to Sano, is one of the most charming of works. I quote from an article by Mr. Berenson in the *Burlington Magazine*, for September, 1903:

"The legend recounts how one day Francis was journeying with his physician on foot from Rieti to Siena. As they were drawing near the goal of their journey he was encountered by three maiden forms in poor raiment who saluted him with the words, 'Welcome, Lady Poverty,' and suddenly disappeared. . . . The maidens salute him archly, as maidens have saluted many an enamoured knight, with the name of his mistress. . . . Sassetta must have seen at once what this encounter lacked to give it completeness and how self-evident and hence perfect an allegory it could thus become. Now this is what he made of it: In the foreground of a spacious plain, three maidens stand shoulder to shoulder. White is the robe of the first, greyish brown of the second, rose red of the last. The one in brown is barefooted and ragged, but it is on her hand that the ardent

*Chantilly.*

SASSETTA—MARRIAGE OF ST. FRANCIS.

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SASSETTA—SAINT MARTIN GIVING ALMS.

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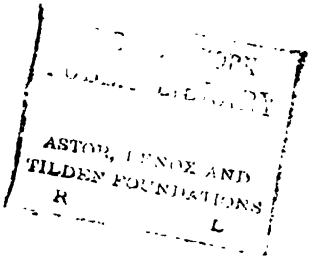
SASSETTA—SAINT MARTIN ENTERS A MONASTERY.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THE MANGIA, SIENA, FROM THE CAMPANILE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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SAN GIMIGNANO.

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saint, with an eager bend of his body, bestows his ring. Then swiftly they take flight, and ere they disappear in the high heavens over the celestially pure horizon of Monte Amiata they display symbols which reveal them as Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. And when last we see them floating away in the pure ether, Lady Poverty looks back lovingly on Francis. No one who can appreciate the idyllic, tender, rapturous atmosphere of the 'Flowerets' but must feel that here at last he breathes the same air."

The author has recently been fortunate enough to become possessor of two early works by Sassetta, representing scenes from the life of St. Martin. Years ago these pictures passed from the Squarcialupi collection at Macerata into that of the late Dr. Nevin in Rome.

The Palazzo Pubblico, with its tower, the Mangia, is an endless delight. The latter, always beautiful, was perhaps most wondrous as we viewed it in the light of the full moon, through one of the narrow streets leading down into the Piazza del Campo. Here is Turino's column of the she-wolf, reminding us that Remus was to Siena what Romulus was to Rome. Inside the Palazzo, generations of Sienese artists have vied in decorative effort. Simone Martini and Ambrogio Lorenzetti take the palm from the later Beccafumi and Sodoma. Sodoma, who has received large measure of both praise and censure, is an artist whom it is difficult to judge without prejudice. Endowed with great talent, he seldom put forth his best effort. We may pick a figure here or there, such as the *Eve* in the Academy, that is hard to rival, but, in general,

his work lacks quality and shows evidence of a too-ready surrender to the decadent influences of the time. San Domenico and the oratory of San Bernardino contain his best works. One should not forget to see Matteo's fine picture in the church of the Madonna of the Snows, with its little angels who make snowballs.

Our first excursion was to San Gimignano and we enjoyed it thoroughly. We went northward, run-

THE TOWERS OF SAN GIMIGNANO.

ning up the steep hill for a few interesting minutes at Monteriggione; then on to Colle and beyond on a road that was new to us, till we came in sight of the town with the many towers. San Gimignano, on its hilltop, is the most picturesque of Italian cities. The mediæval is in evidence at all points. Walls, towers, and the old citadel, the Rocca, all date back to the time when Dante came here as ambassador of Florence. From

*Servi, Siena.*

MADONNA—LIPPO MEMMI.

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the Rocca, with its tangled garden, one gets a splendid view. A youngster of twelve, "Siro Burgassi, Guida Autorizzato," as his card told us, was our talkative and enterprising escort.

San Gimignano's town-hall contains many interesting things but by far the finest is Lippo Memmi's great enthroned *Madonna and Saints*, a work that dates back to 1317, contemporary with Giotto. Less able than Simone Martini, whose assistant he was, Lippo nevertheless holds us by his power to put in his pictures that spiritual essence which is the chief quality of Siena's art. Somewhat the same feeling exists among the Sienese to-day. What a hue and cry was raised over the recent theft of Lippo's *Servi Madonna!* The Sienese were inconsolable. Their joy at the mysterious return of the picture was such that the more naïve believed it a miracle.

San Gimignano was the birthplace of Ghirlandajo's assistant, Bastiano Mainardi, and the town-hall and churches contain many of his works. Usually very dry, his pictures at times are attractive, the Berlin gallery possessing several excellent examples. Mr. Johnson, of Philadelphia, has a fine *Madonna* by him, formerly in the Mansi Collection at Lucca. The cathedral contains, in the chapel dedicated to Santa Fina of San Gimignano, two frescoes by Ghirlandajo, direct and simple in telling the story of the young saint. Some of the heads are fine, precursors of later work that we have seen in Florence.

Before our pilgrimage to San Gimignano's chief works of art, we go beyond the walls, on the north side of the town, part way down the hill to where a great arched fountain, similar to the Fonte Branda at

*Alinari photo.* *San Gimignano.*

BENOZZO GOZZOLI—ST. AUGUSTINE TEACHING IN ROME.

Siena, serves as the headquarters of the washerwomen. An interesting place it is with its green moss and clear, bubbling water. We go back again through the gate, making note of the carved ladder, *stemma* of the Inno-

centi, with which it is decorated, an emblem seen also on the fountain of the Piazza. S. Agostino, a church with a whitewashed interior, whose choir Benozzo Gozzoli has filled with the frescoed story of St. Augustine, lies near the gate. We liked best the scene where the young saint is in Rome, teaching rhetoric. A fine, quiet young man he is as he sits, facing us, behind his desk. Benozzo's love for genre is shown by the little dog who sedately occupies the centre of the foreground, a doggie of a breed most common today in central Italy. The frescoes, as a whole, are not so satisfactory as Benozzo's earlier works at Montefalco. They lack a bit in spirit and have suffered much from repainting. Outside the church we snapped a laughing girl holding in her arms her small brother, who wore swaddling clothes, so foreign to our American eyes. Here, too, was an old crone, a wrinkled Clotho, working industriously at her spinning. A soldo or two and we went on our way followed by her blessing.

A SAN GIMIGNANO BABY.

After luncheon, we took a bit longer road, by Poggibonsi, to Siena, passing on the way many of the remarkable grey oxen, with tremendous horns, seen only in south-western Tuscany. One unruly fellow crashed

CLOTHO OF SAN GIMIGNANO.

his head against the side of the tonneau as we sped past, but did no particular damage, except to his own feelings.

We had taken with us to San Gimignano a Sienese friend, who was without experience in automobiling.

When we got back we had a good laugh over the fact that she had left written instructions as to what should be done, in case she did not return alive.

SIENESE OXEN.

Her serving-maids were wild with joy when she came back safely.

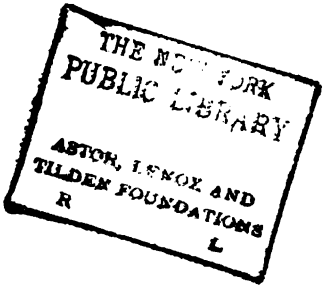
Our next trip took us out of Siena by the Porta San

Marco. Down the hill we went and then up again under the old Benedictine Abbey of S. Eugenio. We passed through the town of Rosia and then along a fairly level road until, twenty miles from Siena, the church of San Galgano came into view on the top of its hill. The ruined abbey of the same name lies near the foot of the hill. We went first up to the church, eager to see Ambrogio Lorenzetti's ruined frescoes. The Virgin of the *Annunciation* is almost completely gone but the figure of Gabriel, wreck though it is, is one of the finest in Sienese art, far superior to the one in Ambrogio's Siena Academy picture of 1344. There is a noble largeness about the conception that makes one more an admirer of Ambrogio than ever. Above the *Annunciation*, in a lunette, is a *Madonna with Saints*. Eve, clothed in white, stands at the foot of the throne, reminding one of the *Pax* of the Palazzo Pubblico. The lunette to the left tells the story of San Galgano, who presents his sword, embedded in the rock, to Michael. The story is one infrequently portrayed in Italian art. In the choir chapel nearest the sacristy, in Santa Croce, Florence, we see another portion of the story frescoed by some great contemporary of Giotto, a powerful master, who, according to Mr. William Rankin, also painted the figures around the sacristy windows in the Carmine, Florence.

San Galgano's ruined abbey takes one back in thought to Melrose or Holyrood. One feels that its gothic nave is foreign to Italian soil. Cistercian in its foundation,

*San Galgano.*

AMBROGIO LORENZETTI—"THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION."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it dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. We stayed as long as our time permitted and then sped

THE ABBEY OF SAN GALGANO.

on over the hills, through a mining district, rich in copper. Several smelters gave a business-like air to

the landscape. We had a bit of carburetor trouble, due to dirty gasoline, and not long afterward were

THE ABBEY OF SAN GALGANO.

mired in a ditch into which we had turned to let a loaded team pass. The going looked all right, but it

was awful. A few minutes' hard work in the employment of pine branches to furnish traction sufficed to get us out. We reached Massa Marittima in time for lunch.

The façade of Massa's cathedral, with high half-columns in the lower story and long slender ones above, is interesting. The interior contains a delicately fine and graceful *Madonna*, one of the best works of Segna. A steep street took us to the upper part of the town, where the school is situated. We went inside and had a talk with the schoolmaster, in whose care is a picture by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, a *Madonna and Saints*, with Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith has a sweet face and a charmingly arranged veil. The four panels into which the picture is divided were formerly used as an ash-bin and, in consequence, the condition of the work is bad. A miserable new and inappropriate frame makes the art-lover deplore the refusal of the authorities to accept a careful restoration and a better frame, recently offered.

Leaving Massa, we ran south over the hilltops, getting a view of the sea and of Elba. Our destination was Grosseto but we had to give it up. It began to rain slightly and got worse so gradually that we didn't trouble to put up the top. We came to two streams whose bridges were down, but, nothing daunted, the good Fiat took them on the run. Grosseto appeared dimly in the distance, just as we decided to take a road to the left, which tended in the direction of Siena.

That sixty miles, in a downpour that got worse every minute, will long be remembered. We went through high-lying Monte Massi, near which, across a deep gorge, we had a wondrous view of a town perched high up on the top of a ridge. When we reached the hotel we had literally to hang ourselves up to dry.

At nine o'clock we heard the curfew ring from the Mangia, two hundred and fifty strokes on the second bell. In summer, curfew is an hour later. The big bell of the Mangia, the war bell, is heard only on holidays, when its deep-toned voice makes the whole town vibrate.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MONTE OLIVETO, MONTALCINO, SAN QUIRICO, PIENZA, MONTEPULCIANO, CITTÀ DELLA PIEVE.

THE next day was clear. After an early lunch, with a pair of new "Samsons" on the rear wheels, we set out through the Porta Romana. In Buonconvento, our first stop, the church of Sts. Peter and Paul contains examples of Sano, Matteo, and Pacchiarotto. We were hardly started again when some rascal indulged in stone-throwing, which nearly proved calamitous. We ran back and did some pretty vigorous talking, which did not result in our finding the miscreant. We felt very much abused, as we were always careful to be considerate of other users of the road and to go slowly through the villages. From Buonconvento we turned to the left on an up-grade, reaching before long the monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, which lies high up among the hills. One of the white-robed Benedictine brothers, courteous and hospitable, acted as our guide. Most of our time we spent in the cloisters, where Signorelli and Sodoma painted the story of Benedict. Signorelli's seriousness brings Sodoma's laxity into strong contrast. Taken as a whole, the frescoes are disappointing.

We returned to Siena by Chiusuri and Asciano, travelling along the tops of the hills a great part of the time. The uplands are barren but picturesque, with their long sweeps of white road, their wide-spread view, and the frequent flocks of sheep. From Chiusuri we saw snow-topped mountains, far back of Vallombrosa. Asciano's chief picture, in the Collegiata, is by Sassetta. It tells the story of the Virgin's life. We never passed

SHEEP NEAR SIENA.

through Asciano without again subjecting ourselves to its charm. We approached Siena over the battle-field of Monte Aperto, where the Sienese, in 1260, won their famous and bloody victory over the Florentines. Scattered over the plain are innumerable conical hillocks, perhaps forty feet in height, strange, clayey mounds that are probably of volcanic origin.

A shorter trip was to the château of Belcaro, with

its wondrous view of Siena and the surrounding country. Baldassare Peruzzi was here both architect and decorator. On the three sides where Belcaro's hill falls rapidly away, the battlements stand level with the tops of the tall holm-oaks which grow so thickly that the ground below is invisible. From Belcaro we went again to Rosia and then north, through a gorge, to Colle and home again. Another excursion

VOLCANIC MOUNDS NEAR SIENA.

was to the Franciscan convent of the Osservanza, founded by Siena's famous saint, Bernardino. Sassetta has here a fine *Madonna, with Ambrose and Jerome.* Andrea della Robbia's *Coronation* is one of the best works of the master, who at times almost equalled the great Luca himself. It is hard to mention anything that much surpasses his *Francis and Dominic* of the Loggia di San Paolo, Florence.

Rain again, and then a fine day which took us out to S. Eugenio, where we followed the left fork of the road, past the Villa Bonsignori, with its clipped cypresses, past Pieve di Corsano, with a small *Madonna* by Matteo; on, under high-lying Murlo, to Bibbiano, whose church contains a fine *Madonna, with Jerome and the Baptist*, by Andrea del Brescianino. So far we had avoided the main roads on account of the

ENTRANCE, VILLA BONSIGNORI, NEAR SIENA.

mud and the many ox-carts. Running down to Buonconvento, we turned south and made for Montalcino, visible high up in the distance. A few kilometres, part of the way through a small-sized hail-storm, and we swung up the turn that brought us to the interesting old town. We first ran through the town and out again, to the north and west, in order to get the magnificent view which takes the eye back to Siena

and far beyond. How often must that band of brave Sienese who, unable to endure the rule of the conquering Florentine, Duke Cosimo, came and dwelt in Montalcino, have looked with longing back to their beloved city! We should honour those would-be preservers of the Sienese republic.

The museum contains several pictures of interest by Bartolo di Fredi, Taddeo Bartoli (whose best works are in the Perugia gallery), and Girolamo di Benvenuto. The day was chilly. Coming out into the street we passed an old crone, who carried, to warm her hands, a beautiful brass *scaldino*, filled with glowing charcoal. In spite of her very apparent poverty, the poor old creature could not be induced to part with her treasure, even for a fabulous offer and another *scaldino*, thrown in. Though disappointed, we were glad to have a contradiction to our American idea that money can buy everything.

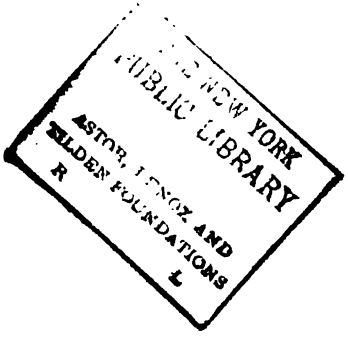
We were soon enjoying a hearty lunch of pork chops, sausages, and polenta, with "kisses," a specialty of the landlady, for dessert. They were fine and we took some back with us. Twenty miles to the south of Montalcino, on the high slope of Monte Amiata, lies the abbey of Sant' Antimo, a disused eleventh-century building of a great deal of interest. Of a severe style, it reminded us of many early Lombard churches. We had some excitement in making the last quarter-mile. The side road, onto which we had turned, was so gullied and dangerous that we wanted to walk, fearing

an accident in that out-of the-way place, but Mazzini insisted that he could make it and make it he did, gullies or no gullies. In spite of our success, it was a foolish undertaking.

The founder of Sant' Antimo must have had a love for the beauty of nature. If November could give us such views of Monte Amiata and the countryside, springtime must make riot of beauty. A fine way back to Siena was the one we took, by Torrenieri and San Giovanni d' Asso, an unfrequented road in splendid condition, where, for miles, we flew along at top speed. From Asciano on, however, we had to slow up, but reached Siena before dark, after what we agreed to be one of the best days of the trip.

At another time we had an amusing experience, due to the fact that a kindly gentleman, who consented to take us to a villa near Siena, for the purpose of seeing a picture, was mortally afraid of going fast. Of course Mazzini was not long in becoming acquainted with the fact, and it made him even worse than usual. Curves were taken on two wheels, while our Italian friend protested in vain. It was mean of us, but we could n't help enjoying it. The joke lay in the sequel. The gentleman compared notes with the signora who had been with us to San Gimignano. "Did you go around such and such a curve? Was n't it awful? I crossed myself there! And that other curve in the valley? There I crossed myself twice! But I never gave my fear away. In the very worst place, I told a funny story!"

ABBEY OF SANT' ANTIMO.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Nature looked like tears as we bade Siena good-bye. Hopeful of improvement, we took the chance, which proved a lucky one, that the rain would hold off. It was a familiar road that led through Buonconvento to Torrenieri, where we crossed the railway. Then we gradually ascended to a higher level, twenty-seven miles from Siena reaching San Quirico and its little church, whose exterior, with its queer portals, takes one back to an early date. Inside, the barbarous hand of the renovator has taken away the early charm, the last vestige of which is visible in Sano di Pietro's polyptych. Some six miles more and we are at Pienza, birthplace of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, with whom we "made friends" in Siena's library. He was born here at a time when the town was known as Corsignano. When he became Pope Pius II., the place was re-named in his honour. Still, to-day, the Piccolomini lord it over the town, whose citizens are loyal to the old feudal traditions. Through the courtesy of the present head of the family, we were enabled

A PORTAL—SAN QUIRICO.

to go through the old palazzo, built for Pius II., by Rossellino, of Florence, and the young Francesco di Giorgio, of Siena. It is a fine and dignified building, worthy of its founder. The columned gallery in the rear of the second story (American notation) commands a splendid view over a wide stretch of country. Below is a fine tennis-court. The Italian has recently conceived a great love for athletic sports. He is active and persevering and seems bound to derive great benefit from the idea, imported by the English, of whom he is a great admirer.

The cathedral is contemporary with the palace. It contains pictures by Sano, Matteo, and Vecchietta. The last, a pupil of Taddeo Bartoli, shows us the Madonna caught up heavenwards by a glory of singing angels. The most important picture in the museum is a *Madonna del Soccorso* by Bartolo di Fredi, a Sienese, born during the last years of Duccio's life, other works by whom we have seen in the galleries of Montalcino and Siena. A piviale, or cope, similar to the celebrated one stolen from Ascoli, sold to Mr. Morgan, and later returned by him, may be seen here, together with numerous relics of Popes Pius II. and Pius III., the latter a Piccolomini who came to the chair of St. Peter some fifty years after his greater relative had quitted it.

While we were having lunch a strong *sirocco* came puffing up from the south in great dust-moving gusts. Rain seemed imminent, so we hurried on to Montepulciano, ten miles distant. Before going up into the

*Alinari photo.* *Montepulciano.*

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town, we stopped at the church of San Biagio, a well-known work of Antonio San Gallo. To an architect, the building is of interest, but its neo-classic absence of sympathetic qualities leaves one cold.

The eastern ramparts of Montepulciano afford a magnificent prospect over the broad Val di Chiana, with the lakes of Montepulciano, Chiusi, and Trasimene. The day was not clear enough to do full justice to the view, the mountains in the distance being indistinct. Yet, for all that, it was a splendid outlook.

Montepulciano gives her name to Angelo Ambrogini, known to us as Politian, brilliant exponent of the literary art at the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He was born here in 1454. Michelozzo's finest work, the tomb of Aragazzi, papal secretary under Pope Martin V., has been broken into parts which are now scattered around the cathedral. Viewing Aragazzi's recumbent figure, peaceful and simple, yet strong, one feels that Donatello must have aided his pupil in the work. It surpasses all else that Michelozzo has left. The cathedral contains also a Taddeo Bartoli polyptych, set high up over the main altar, that well repays the climb necessary to a good view.

Several works of the Della Robbia school give a pleasing tone to the anteroom of the museum. Of the pictures there, some are very bad. The *Adoration of the Christ-child*, attributed to Benvenuto of Siena, is undoubtedly by Girolamo, his pupil. The *Madonna* ascribed to Pacchia is tagged by Mr. Berenson with the

name of that Capponi-Carli Raphael whom he first differentiated from Raffaelino del Garbo.

From Montepulciano we ran along high uplands, covered with fine olives and sulphurously scented by occasional boiling springs, to Sarteano, whose old castle reigns undisputed as the chief feature of a wide landscape. The higher-lying of the two churches was crowded. Mass was being said, so we made no attempt at sightseeing, missing a picture by Pacchia. In the lower church we found an *Annunciation*, by Beccafumi, whose fine chiaroscuro should be noted. A *Madonna and Saints* here, by a certain Andrea di Niccolò, who was probably a pupil of Benvenuto di Giovanni, is a very decorative work, exhibited at Siena in 1904.

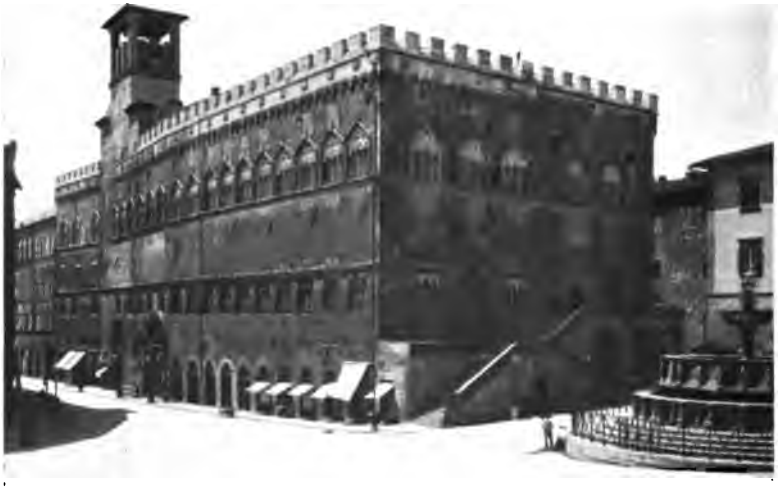
Running down-hill for five miles, we passed under the walls of Chiusi, that Clusium of older days that had Lars Porsenna as chieftain, under the Etruscan banners. Macaulay's *Lays* jogged in our memories as we sped by. We ran upward again to Città della Pieve, town of Perugino and also of Mazzini, our "Lightning Conductor," who had not visited his boyhood home since he was in knee-breeches. True to our artistic inclinations we sought the Hotel Vannucci, Vannucci being Perugino's family name. We found it altogether unprepared for the reception of guests, winter rarely bringing overnight visitors to the small town. Mazzini guaranteed comfort, should we put up at the Falcone, and we took him at his word. Things started

finely, as we had an enjoyable dinner, but it became very cold in the night, and our great, raftered room, with its stone floor covered only by innumerable green tomatoes, was very uncomfortable. We were thankful for our hot-water bags, at whose filling the whole household had looked on with interest. The morning brought rain and somewhat changed our plans. Having first marched around under umbrellas for a look at the several pictures by Perugino, none of the first order, we gave up our idea of going to Arezzo and made as quick a trip as possible of the twenty-seven miles to Perugia, well knowing by past experience that there, come rain, come shine, we could pass our time agreeably. What with its views, its cleanliness, its comfort, and the intelligent management, the Brufani, Perugia's excellent hotel, makes undoubtedly the finest motoring headquarters in Italy. We were glad to arrive.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PERUGIA, AREZZO, MONTEFALCO.

PERUGIA, set crown-like on her hill, is a rare viewpoint. Looking south, the eye runs down the valley through which the tawny Tiber winds



THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO—PERUGIA.

its way past Todi. To the south-east is an incomparable vista. One cannot describe the natural beauty, the poetry, the religious and artistic emotion, which blend

*Alinari photo.* *Perugia Gallery.*

BONFIGLI—MADONNA.
(Detail.)

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to make the feeling of sheer delight that comes from a view up this valley of the hill towns, to Assisi and beyond, with Monte Subasio lying barren and strong in the Umbrian sunlight. Granting the subjective content of the best part of our pleasure in the scene, the actual beauty of the landscape, bared of its associations, is great. The views from the Acropolis and the Acrocorinth owe much to sentiment, but are also great in themselves; yet the Umbrian sentiment has a warmth that the classic world, in its coldness, cannot give. Plato and Pericles touch our intellects. With St. Francis, we bear a heart to heart communion. We love him.

Perugia, with her many literary friends to publish her beauties, will bear scant description at my hands. Suffice it to mention the things that cling most in the memory, stowed away for future enjoyment. First, foremost, and of quick recall comes the strangely attractive campanile of San Pietro, in all Perugia's panorama the object to which the eye comes back again and again. Morning after morning we watched the daybreak as it lightened beyond the pointed spire, whose outline had come to be so dear to us.

Perugia's fountain, joint work of Niccolò Pisano and Arnolfo di Cambio, graces the public square. Proportioned faultlessly, its triple basins, with their simple, sculptured figures, are ever a joy to the art-lover. The neighbouring cathedral, rich in its marbled walls, stands over against the bulging front of the Palazzo Pubblico, which holds painted treasures that one

would go a far journey to see. Fra Angelico and Gentile da Fabriano, Boccatis and Taddeo Bartoli show wondrous works that rival the native talent of Bonfigli and Fiorenzo. Perugino and Pinturicchio,

*Mrs. J. L. Gardiner, Boston.*

FIORENZO DI LORENZO—"ANNUNCIATION."

the later heads of the local school, are well represented in themselves and in the works of their pupils. Nowhere else is it possible to get so comprehensive a view of Umbrian art in its progress from crudity to mastery.

*Ex-Nevin Collection, Rome.*

BOCCATIS—MADONNA.

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Here we learn to value Fiorenzo at his true worth, the great Fiorenzo, whose works, apart from those close to Perugia, number less than half a dozen. One of his finest, an *Annunciation*, formerly at Assisi, is now in the collection of Mrs. Gardiner, in Boston. Boccatis, too, that splendid early master from Camerino in the Marches, is seen here as nowhere else, save at Belforte, of which we shall speak later on. Two of his rare works found a temporary home in the collection of the late Dr. Nevin, in Rome.

Perugino in the Cambio, Raphael at San Severo, Agostino di Duccio at San Bernardino, have given us a store of memories to add to the many pleasures that one associates with the name of Perugia. Near the latter church, one may watch with interest the dyers of wool, as, in a primitive way, they hang their yarn in the open to dry—a sight impossible in up-to-date America. For Perugia itself, we saved our rainy days. Sunshine found us ever on the road, making the most of the town as an excursion centre.

Perugia brought us the acquaintance of a resident Englishman. When asked by an English friend, who had a smattering of Italian, how to make Italian porters handle luggage quickly, he replied, "Swear at them." "But how?—I don't know how." "Combine the name of the deity with the male animals who entered the ark, that of the Madonna with the female, and see how it will work," was the reply. The next day our friend was asked by the station-master, "Who was the crazy

Englishman that left here yesterday?—Such swearing! '*Dio elefante*'—yes, the good God is indeed *pre-potente* (very powerful); but '*Madonna giraffa*,' *impossibile!*"

Our first excursion, to Arezzo, was a bit unlucky. We had not gone far when a puncture stopped us. It began to rain and repair work was anything but agreeable. In ship-shape again, we ran up a hill and through Magione, coming soon into sight of Lake Trasimene,

DYERS OF WOOL—PERUGIA.

which looked attractive even in the rain and the mist. We sped over the level where Hannibal overcame the Romans under Flaminius in a great and bloody battle. A heavy mist, of frequent occurrence here, aided the Carthaginian leader in the surprise that did so much to win the victory. The Romans, unaware of the presence of the enemy, were taken in flank and put to rout. Passing on through Terontola, well-

known as a railway junction, and under high-lying Cortona, we are again in Tuscany, fifty miles from Perugia entering the Santo Spirito gate at Arezzo, thankful for a place in which to dry our soaking selves, even though it were no more prepossessing than the Inghilterra.

Arezzo, a town with a population of somewhat less than twenty thousand, has a history that goes back to the days of the Etruscan league. Later, as a Roman colony, it gave birth to Mæcenas, friend of Augustus and patron of Horace. Petrarch, in literature, Guido Monaco, in music, and Giorgio Vasari, would-be painter and a truly sympathetic press-agent for the craft, all lend interest to the town that gave them birth. Lacking a great painter, Arezzo had the wisdom to employ one when the opportunity offered; for the church of S. Francesco shows us strong creations of Piero dei Franceschi, that wondrously virile painter from Borgo San Sepolcro. At the time of our visit, the church was undergoing a thorough restoration and the frescoes were in anything but a fit setting. Nevertheless, the direct sincerity of these sturdy representations of Solomon, Constantine, and Chosroes did not fail to attract us strongly. Of all Piero's works, I love best his *Triumphs* on the reverse of the Montefeltro portraits in the Uffizi. Do we see anywhere else so idyllic a landscape?—a broad plain, with dear little brown hills scattered all over it and the placid river winding in between; not to mention the little tufted trees

with which the landscape is so regularly dotted. One must go a long way to find anything so charming.

The Pieve is an interesting building, with its many-columned façade and high, pierced campanile. The interior, architecturally very much out of true, produces an effect of great age. Here we find a polyptych by Pietro Lorenzetti, dated 1320. Our Sienese experience makes him an old friend.

The Palazzo Pubblico, in the street that leads up to the cathedral, is interesting for the many armorial bearings, carved in stone, with which its front is plastered, serving in its day, perhaps, as a directory of Arezzo's "four hundred." The cathedral, with an unfinished brick façade, backs on an open space from whose terrace there is a fine view, northward, to the hills of the Casentino, among whose solitudes the blessed Francis had his wounding vision. The weather and the lateness of the season kept us from La Verna, keenly disappointing us.

The cathedral contains a fine *Magdalen* by Piero dei Franceschi and a *St. Jerome* by Bartolommeo della Gatta, an able assistant to Signorelli, other works by whom are in the local gallery, where, too, we may see pictures by the early Aretines, Margaritone and Spinello.

Leaving Arezzo, we made quick time to Perugia, barring a fifteen-minute halt on account of a puncture. Lake Trasimene made a wonderful picture as we passed along its shore, great banks of mist alternating

*Alinari photo.* *Uffizi Gallery.*

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*Alinari photo.*

THE PIEVE—AREZZO.

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with open spaces where the conquering sunlight was beginning to put the bad weather to rout. Beyond the lake, we barely avoided a collision with a cart, whose sleeping driver was unaware of our coming. This reminded us of a story, told by a friend, who, cycling from Siena to Colle, met a cart going from Colle to Siena. The horse, frightened by the bicycle, turned around and started back to Colle, while the driver dozed peacefully on. Some time later, as our friend returned from Colle, he met the same cart just entering the town, the driver still asleep!

"TROUBLE" NEAR BETTONA.

The next day was cloudy. At noon, the *Tramontana* began to blow and blow in earnest. This strong, north wind is the precursor of splendid weather, and we welcomed it. By night, everything was clear as a bell, with stars that were fairly dazzling. The following morning we were off, past San Pietro, to the small town of Bettona, whose *municipio* contains some interesting things.

Fiorenzo di Lorenzo's *St. Michael*, who tramples the Devil underfoot, is a fine work, though almost ruined by a very recent and most crude restoration. A comparison of photographs, taken "before and after," is enough to draw tears to the eyes. Perugino has two pictures here, but little known, not so attractive, however, as the work of the rarer Fiorenzo.

From Bettona we ran along the hillside to Bevagna, where St. Francis preached to the birds, as Giotto shows us at Assisi, and then, crossing the Teverone, we wound our way upward to high Montefalco, enjoying the wonderful and changing views of Assisi, Spello, Foligno, and Trevi, with grand, massive Subasio and higher, snow-tipped peaks in the background. Subasio was all day an object of curious interest, appearing almost chameleon-like in its changing colour. The barren slopes seemed now brown, now darker, with a tinge of red, and later, when the sun had dropped, a pale grey.

At Montefalco, our first tribute was paid to the inner man. Lunch of a very primitive nature was welcome. The hard-baked chunks of brownish bread surrendered to our attacks and let themselves be washed down by the sourish local wine. "*Uova al burro*" (eggs fried in butter) added a zest to the repast. The dried beef, sliced thin, an equivalent of our American "chipped beef," was almost lost to us, through the agency of an enormous cat, the pest of the hostelry, who jumped on the table and was off again, in a twinkling, with a full

*Alinari Photo.* *Montefalco.*

303 BENOZZO GOZZOLI—SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.

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mouth. The landlady chased him with a stick, fitted with tinkling bells, of which Mr. Thomas seemed duly in fear.

Montefalco is a joy, God-made and man-made. To

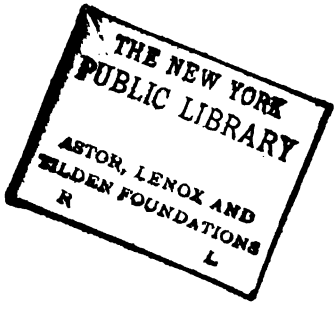
AT MONTEFALCO.

the credit of Nature goes the grand view of hill and valley that one gets from many a vantage-point along the eastern wall. The incomparable plain of Umbria stretches north and south in unbroken beauty. Many

are the pinnacled towns on which the eyes rest, most neighbouring being Trevi, directly opposite. Dear Reader, let me omit my enthusiasms here. Go and see for yourself a picture that you may carry home to a more prosaic land, to give you an ever-recallable pleasure.

Benozzo Gozzoli, pupil of Fra Angelico, recalling to us Pisa, San Gimignano, and the Riccardi Chapel, is the man to whom Montefalco owes a debt in the realm of art. The church of San Francesco contains frescoes by him, representing scenes from the life of St. Francis, of which the most naïve and charming is the one where Francis, doubly portrayed, preaches to the birds and blesses Marco and Jacopo of Montefalco, through whose generosity the frescoes were completed in the year 1452. The church of San Fortunato, about a kilometre to the south of the town, with a splendid view, holds two other works by the master. Here, as in San Francesco, we find frescoes by Tiberio of Assisi, a pupil of Perugino. The latter himself has an *Annunciation* and *Nativity* in San Francesco. Montefalco produced, in Melanzio, a mediocre artist of some merit, whose works are in several of the churches and are chiefly interesting as being thoroughly Umbrian in an Umbrian setting. Before leaving Montefalco we had to take a snap-shot of a dear youngster, whose little brother encouraged her not to be afraid to look at the camera. We ran back to Perugia by Foligno, Spello, and Santa Maria degli

VOLUMNII TOMB—PERUGIA.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Angeli, below Assisi. We caught a puncture at the Volumnii tomb, near the foot of Perugia's hill, and took the opportunity for an inspection while Mazzini did the repairing. This tomb, one of the most interesting of Etruscan remains, is of a rather late period, as may be seen from the inscriptions, which show Roman influence. The probable date is 250 B.C. We go down a flight of steps and enter the main portion of the rock-hewn tomb. On all sides of us are chambers, filled with carved sarcophagi, which bear upon their tops the effigies of the deceased. Figures of genii are suspended from the ceiling. The excellent preservation of everything produces an impression that is not exceeded by the earlier tombs at Corneto and Cerveteri, which, however, should be visited by any one anxious to get an idea of a civilisation that is utterly ignored by the ordinary visitor to Italy. Memories of the fine excursions made from Rome, as a member of the American Archæological School, to the Etruscan tombs of Tarquinia, Cære, Norchia, and Castel d' Asso, make me wish that others, to whom the past gives interest, might also have such pleasure. Italy's treasure-house is so many-sided, however, as almost to discourage the attempt to see her fully, so that the Volumnii tomb may well be visited by those who have no opportunity for a wider acquaintance with Etruscan remains.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CORTONA, CITTÀ DI CASTELLO, BORGO SAN SEPOLCRO, URBINO.

IT had been our intention to go next to Gubbio, but information came that the lower road was impassable, owing to damage done by the flooded Tiber. As we did not wish both to go and return by the upper road, we postponed our trip and started, instead, for Cortona, rising early, to be greeted by one of the most beautiful of sunrises. I have a descriptive note taken on the spot, but I find it such a jumble of colours, enthusiasms, and cloud effects that it will not bear transcription. The contrast between the clouded plain, untouched by the sun, and the glowing mountains and heavens was enough to charm the most callous eye.

We followed our usual road past Magione and Lake Trasimene, the weather for the first time granting us a view of Montepulciano. Reaching Cortona, we wound up the hill past the church of Santa Maria, built by Francesco di Giorgio (greater as architect than as painter), and entered by the Porta S. Agostino and the remarkably steep Via Guelfa. Even our confidence in the Fiat gave place to a qualm as we started upward. Only at Todi did we have any grade to equal

*Alinari photo.* *Cortona.*



SASSETTA—MADONNA.

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*Alinare photo* *Cortona.*

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FRA ANGELICO—"ANNUNCIATION."

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it. But the car came through with flying colours and we soon drew up at the door of the Albergo Nazionale. As we stopped, the crowd of bounding urchins, that formed our wake, pointed excitedly to our gasoline tank. Evidently it had been struck by a stone, for a steady flow of the malodorous liquid was coming from a small hole. Mazzini assured us that his soldering outfit would put everything right again before we should need the car, so, after ordering lunch, we started out to see the sights. We found the church of San Domenico undergoing a restoration. Most of its pictures had been taken to the baptistery, though Bartolommeo della Gatta's *Assumption* was still in place. The cathedral contains pictures by Signorelli, Cortona's great painter, precursor, in the nude, to Michael Angelo. Orvieto shows him in the fulness of his glory. The baptistery, which faces the cathedral, demands more than a cursory visit, for it contains splendid works by Fra Angelico, Sassetta, and Signorelli. Sassetta's *Madonna*, holding the Child and accompanied by angels and saints, is, in dignity, hard to equal. Nicholas, Michael, the Baptist, and Margaret, slender and ascetic, are highly typical of the Sienese art of the second quarter of the fifteenth century. Fra Angelico's early *Annunciation* is one of the most attractive of his works, of which our reproduction proves an apt witness. Other things in Cortona worth seeing are the museum, full of Etruscan remains, S. Niccolò, with a Signorelli, and the church of Santa Margherita, which contains the

tomb of the famous saint of that name Near-by is the high-lying fortress, a fine view-point.

Leaving the city by the Porta Colonia, we had a chance to inspect the massive walls, which date back to the time when Cortona was a powerful member of the Etruscan league. Our destination was Città di Castello, somewhat less than thirty miles distant. The road over the mountains, with its wide outlook on Lake Trasimene and the Val di Chiana, is well graded. We reached an altitude of three thousand feet in a district whose bleakness is so accentuated as to be impressive.

Running downward again in wide, sweeping curves, with Mazzini occasionally giving us the shivers in his too adept speeding, we reached Nestore and the valley of the Tiber. On the level road we met a diminutive girl, driving an ox-cart. Seeing an automobile was undoubtedly new to her and she was very much frightened as she sat there, making all sorts of faces in an endeavour not to cry. We held her team for her till the machine had gone by and received a very pathetic *grazie* for our trouble.

Città di Castello's modernised cathedral is, with the exception of the door-post carvings, of little artistic importance. The picture gallery contains works of interest by Signorelli. Two processional banners, attributed to Raphael, are much more pleasing than their damaged condition would warrant. Tifernate, a local artist, and Rafaellino dal Colle, Raphael's assistant, are well represented.

A level run of ten miles brought us to Borgo San Sepolcro. Borgo's comfortable Albergo Fiorentino implied in its name that we were again in Tuscany. Borgo and Città di Castello, the one Tuscan, the other Umbrian, are keen rivals, historically, and even to-day, under a United Italy, there is no love lost between them. At Borgo, the weather again went back on us and our expectations of continued sunshine were unfulfilled.

Borgo boasts several native painters, but Piero dei Franceschi eclipses the others. The gallery holds his most serious work, a frescoed *Resurrection*. In type it is so severe as to be almost revolting, until one comes to an understanding of its majesty. It may fail to please but cannot fail to impress. The cathedral contains a fine *Ascension* by Perugino, excellent in tone. The Servi and Santa Chiara should be visited, the former for interesting panels by Matteo of Siena, who, curiously enough, was not a Sienese at all, but a native of Borgo.

From Borgo San Sepolcro to Urbino was a splendid trip, over a road whose excellence was marred only by a fresh spreading of crushed stone, or *breccia*, as the Italians call it. We followed the Tiber as far as San Giustino and then turned up into the hills. Higher and higher we went, magnificent views opening to us. The valley of the Tiber stretched away into the distance as it sought Perugia, Todi, and Rome. Some ten miles from San Giustino we reached the top of the

Trabaria Pass, at a height of 3500 feet. The geological stratifications, tilted at all angles, should make the

*Alinari photo.* *Borgo San Sepolcro.*

PIERO DEI FRANCESCHI—"THE RESURRECTION."

district of scientific interest. The descending curves, from the top to Mercatello, made us fidgety, but we came through all right. At Mercatello we spent a

pleasant hour with the parish priest, to whom we had a card. He took great pleasure in showing us the old church, whose choir has ceiling frescoes by some follower of Melozzo da Forlì. A steady descent soon took us to Sant' Angelo in Vado, twenty-five miles from San Giustino, and another like distance brought a glimpse of Urbino, sitting on her hilltop. We were now in the "Marches." Stretching along the east coast of the peninsula, from the Romagna on the north to the Abruzzi on the south, this mountainous district that looks seaward is perhaps the most beautiful in Italy.

Urbino has many a charm beside the potent one that clings to her as the town that gave birth to a Raphael. Raphael's house and that of his early master, Timoteo Viti, lie in the same street, the one that leads up to the town's top, from which is a view that includes San Marino's rock, rising beyond numberless mountain ridges, with intervening cloud-filled valleys. In the distance one may see the Adriatic, lying beyond Pesaro. The young Raphael, with his budding love for things beautiful, may have revelled in the sight, though the spirit of his age ignored it. Lunch in the restaurant of the Italia was made miserable by a group whose dialect discussion of the possibilities of the weather was so intense and loud that one might think a murder was about to be committed. As a counter-irritant, we began to talk as loudly as possible, curious to see whether we would attract attention. The result was decidedly negative and we gave up.

The old castle or palace of the Montefeltri, who ruled here during the Renaissance, is Urbino's chief monument. The rounded, steepled towers, that form its corners, seem un-Italian. One is reminded of Chenonceaux and other French buildings of the period. Inside are particularly fine doors and doorways, copious with decorative motives. The picture gallery of the palace contains a *Last Supper* by Justus of Ghent, one of the most important Flemish works painted in Italy. Justus was court painter at Urbino. He has introduced here a portrait of Duke Federico, less admirable, however, than his similar work in the Barberini Palace, in Rome. Justus influenced Giovanni Santi, the father of Raphael, several of whose pictures are here. A hard, dry painter, he gives small prophecy of the mellow quality that was the undoing of his son. From Titian's *Resurrection*, a late work, one cannot withhold approval, though the too vigorous figure of Christ, with the unspirituality of feature which Titian often imparts, detracts from the pleasure of the work. Pictures by later court painters, Baroccio and Vitali, interested us in connection with the portrait of the young prince Federico, mentioned at page 224.

Until he was sixty-one years old, Francesco Maria II. della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, had not been blessed with an heir, so that the birth of his son, Federico, on May 15, 1605, produced great joy in the ducal family and also among the people. A naïve chronicle of the time tells how "the populace, almost wild with joy,

DUCAL PALACE—URBINO.

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*Collection of the Author.*

VITALI—"FEDERICO OF URBINO."

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*Alinari photo.* *Urbino.*

325 THE SAN SEVERINI—"BAPTISM OF CHRIST."

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rushed to the Jews' quarters and sacked houses and the synagogue"! This happened in Pesaro. The proud father's diary, under date of December 9, 1606, records the cutting of his son's first tooth. In 1609, Federico was affianced to the slightly older Claudia de' Medici, sister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He grew up to be a fine lad, vigorous in both mind and body, but the overmuch petting of his father and the lack of will of his mother soon made him headstrong and utterly uncontrollable. Very early, when travelling, he became addicted to bad companions. The Duke, hopeful that marriage would cause Federico to reform his mode of life, urged the carrying out of the nuptial agreement. The wedding took place in 1621 and immediately thereafter this youth of sixteen, through the abdication of his father, became Duke of Urbino. Forthwith, enormity followed enormity, there being a conscious effort on the part of Federico to imitate Nero. Two years of riot brought the young man's life to an end, when he was barely past his eighteenth year. He died in the night, suffocated, but whether by a hemorrhage or violence is unknown. The hatred in which he was held by all gave ground, at the time, to suspicion of murder. When we look at the big-eyed baby's face it seems hard to believe all the evils of his later life. The old Duke, after his son's death, came to his own again, and ruled for three years. In 1626 he surrendered his duchy to the Pope, and died in 1631 at the age of eighty-six.

As one emerges from the palace, Luca della Robbia's fine lunette, over the portal of San Domenico, catches the eye and holds it. The Madonna, standing amid attendant saints, proudly supports her son. Luca has left us few nobler examples of his art.

The cathedral, in its sacristy, contains works by Baroccio, Timoteo Viti, and Piero dei Franceschi. At this stage of our trip we have become sufficiently imbued with the archaic spirit to thoroughly enjoy such a work as Piero's *Flagellation*. Baedeker's use of the adjective "elaborated" with regard to this simple work is about as inappropriate as possible. Piero gives us here that almost Chinese type, such as we see in his London *Baptism*.

Urbino has another place adorned by primitive masters, the oratory of San Giovanni, whose old timber roof rises in odd curves over frescoes by the San Severini, contemporaries of Gentile da Fabriano. The frescoes, which bear the date 1416, tell the story of John the Baptist. Over the inappropriate baroque altar is a large *Crucifixion*, filling the end of the oratory. These frescoes are of prime historic importance and may be sufficient to decide whether the San Severini influenced Gentile or vice versa.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, JESI, MACERATA, RECANATI, LORETO.

THE next morning at nine we left Urbino. The gradual descent of twenty-three miles brought us to Pesaro and the Adriatic in an even hour, though we had a puncture to delay us. The Pesaro Museum, with its majolica and pictures by Zoppo, failed to delay us, as we chose to reserve our limited time for the enjoyment of Giovanni Bellini's *Coronation* in San Ubaldo, a masterpiece by the Dean of Venice, which quiets and soothes. Christ and the Virgin, seated in the centre, give the key to the calmness of the whole work. Peter and Paul, Jerome and Francis stand at the sides, above predella panels which tell a story from the life of each. The centre panel is somewhat darkened but the fine colour of the predella proves more than a compensation. Pesaro's ducal palace, which fronts the piazza, is now the prefecture. Built by Laurana, about 1460, its proportions are so fine as to make it a model for architects of to-day.

Fano, a small coast-town, eight miles to the south, boasts a Roman triumphal arch. The church of Santa Croce has a *Madonna* by Giovanni Santi, who appro-

priately brings in a St. Helena, whose figure, in its breadth of conception, is perhaps the best that the artist has left us. His *Visitation*, in Santa Maria Nuova, is sincere but does not bear comparison with the near-by Peruginos. Of these, the *Annunciation*, though far from startling, is on the high artistic plane occupied by Perugino's average works. The *Madonna* and *Pietà*, painted in 1497, are of similar quality, with the exception of the predella, which is simply splendid. The central panel, a *Marriage of the Virgin*, is one of the most winsome of the many representations of the subject. Raphael's Brera picture, painted seven years later, owes much to this creation of his master, though art historians have always taught that the Caen *Sposalizio* is the inspiring work. Mr. Berenson is the first to rightly show that the Caen picture is a later and poorer work, not by Perugino, but by Lo Spagna.

Fifteen miles of level road led us to the old Roman fortress of Senigallia, where we turned inland for two miles, going up a long hill to the church of S. Maria delle Grazie, whose high altar bears a *Madonna and Saints*, attributed to Perugino. Another picture here, Piero dei Franceschi's sturdy *Madonna*, with her sturdier Babe, bears witness to the vigilance of the government. The picture has twice been sold and removed and twice recovered.

The young Franciscan who acted as our very courteous guide gently refused our offered gratuity, referring our insistence to the box of offerings for the poor.

*Alinari photo*

PERUGINO—"SPOSALIZIO."

*Fano*

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After following his suggestion, we started away to what proved to be the closest to serious of any incident of our trip. Turning into the long, straight descent that led to the main road, Mazzini soon had us spinning at a seventy-mile gait. A quarter-mile before the turn, the power was thrown off, but our speed slackened only a little. When the brakes were set, we of course slowed up, but even the Samsons were unequal to

THE CATHEDRAL—ANCONA.

what proved to be a fine film of mud on the roadway, mud that must have contained something in the nature of soapstone, and we were unable to make the corner. We swung partly around, passing safely, thanks to wonderful steering by Mazzini, over one of the stone posts which lined the road, and brought up in the ditch at the far side, almost turning over against the bank beyond, with its thicket of thorny brambles.

We rested on two wheels for a moment and then settled back. Both axles were bent by the shock, but we were able to go on, twenty miles, to Ancona, where satisfactory repairs were brought about. We were thankful for our escape. Things had looked very dubious for five breathless seconds.

Memories of Ancona include a sun that tried in vain to shine sufficiently to take the edge from a sharp

THE HARBOUR—ANCONA.

sea-wind; a steady beat of hammers from the rivetters in the shipyard, sounding upward to the height of Monte Guasco, which, with its old cathedral of San Ciriaco, commands a wide-spread view of the fine harbour and the sea beyond; and Titian's splendid picture in San Domenico.

The cathedral, built in the twelfth century on the ruins of a temple of Venus, has a deeply recessed portal,

*Alinari photo.* *Ancona.*

TITIAN—MADONNA.

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beyond which is a dim interior, roofed in vaulted wood, panelled and painted—very old and very fine. Two carved stone screens interested us, with their quaintly portrayed eagles, rabbits, figs, and pomegranates. We came out in time to enjoy a fine sunset. Below us stretched the north arm of the harbour, built in part by the Romans and bearing an arch dedicated to Trajan. A later extension, under Pope Clement XII. (1730–40), gave occasion for the building of another arch, far inferior to the early one. Pope Pius II. (Piccolomini), while preaching a crusade here, died in the Bishop's Palace near the cathedral. Pinturicchio, at Siena, has pictured the event for us. On the way back to the hotel we pass the former church of San Francesco, now a hospital, interesting for its portal, and a gothic loggia where the merchants transact business.

Titian's San Domenico picture shows us the Virgin seated on clouds, the Christ child standing on her knees. She bends forward slightly, the better to see the kneeling donor, Alvise Gozzi. San Biagio and San Francesco stand at the sides. The idealised fig-tree, outlined against the sky, is, in itself, a work of art. The picture was painted in 1520 for the church of San Francesco, from which it has been transferred.

The picture gallery, too, has a Titian, a *Crucifixion*, sadly injured, yet fine. It is a late and powerful work. The hands of St. Dominic, who clasps the foot of the cross, are wonderfully drawn, even for Titian. The gallery contains reminders that Lotto was as active

in the Marches as in the Bergamo district. His pictures here are an *Assumption*, unworthy of him, and a *Madonna and Saints*, the latter a trifle too ponderous. A *Madonna* by Crivelli is interesting, as being one of the earliest works of this atavistic follower of the Vivarini, to whom the Marches owe thanks for a great part of their artistic attractiveness. To compliment Guercino, by mentioning him in such good company. we may say that the gallery contains several works by him which are not bad.

To get to Jesi from Ancona,we back-tracked for eight miles, turning inland at Rocca Priora and running toward three snowy peaks that stirred our dormant passion for climbing. A dozen miles more brought us to Jesi, with its fine *municipio*, designed by Francesco di Giorgio. Lotto is Jesi's attraction and all the pictures by him are now in the Library. Of these, the best were painted about 1530. The *Visitation*, *Annunciation*, and *St. Lucy before Pascasius*, are excellent. The predelle to the last tell the story of St. Lucy in a way so characteristic of Lotto as to be irresistible. First is depicted the visit to the tomb of St. Agatha, at Catania (Lucy lived in Syracuse), through which Lucy's mother was miraculously healed. Next we see Lucy arguing before the governor. A last scene shows the saint still setting forth her belief to the enraged governor, while eight yoke of oxen are unable, with straining ropes, to move her from her place. Lucy's death we do not see. Contrary to a late tradition, she was

martyred, not by the piercing of her eyes, but by a knife thrust in the neck. Her symbol, a pair of eyes, is a crude way of expressing, as does her name, that she was a light to Christendom.

From Jesi we went, by Staffolo, with its hospitable parish priest, who showed us some pictures, to Apiro, high-lying, possessing a picture by Alegretto Nuzi, and a splendid view, and on again to Cingoli (twenty miles in all), with an even better outlook toward the Adriatic. Cingoli's view is wonderful. It held us even while our stomachs demanded lunch. We had, indeed, done a strenuous morning's work. *Pasta*, beefsteak, eggs, vegetables, and fruit soon put us in fine fettle, and we hastened to San Domenico and its Lotto, an enthroned *Madonna*, with saints. Three young angels, who scatter handfuls of rose leaves from a large basket in the foreground, are extremely attractive. Above the throne are fifteen small circular scenes from the Bible-story, some of them excellent. The *Visitation* is a repetition of the Jesi picture, painted nine years before. The church also contains a rather interesting but hard copy of the figure of Christ, from Sebastiano del Piombo's celebrated *Flagellation*, in San Pietro in Montorio, Rome.

From Cingoli to San Severino, some twelve miles, the road drops about twelve hundred feet. There is a wide swing to both grades and curves and the speed with which we hummed along gave us a great sense of freedom. Mazzini needed, once in a while, to be cautioned

with the mystic word, "Senigallia," which proved most potent. San Severino's cathedral possesses a charming Pinturicchio, a *Madonna*, with two angels and a kneeling donor. The church of San Domenico contains a *Madonna and Saints* by that other Bernardino of Perugia, known as Bernardino di Mariotto. His work gives a queer impression, combining, as it does, styles that are incompatible. Crivelli and Signorelli will not mix, however much our artist may strive. The gallery boasts a polyptych by Niccolò of Foligno, several examples of the work of the younger Lorenzo of San Severino, and an altarpiece by Vittorio Crivelli, Carlo's pupil, very similar to his picture in the Wilstach Collection, Philadelphia, which, as far as I know, has not hitherto been published.

From San Severino we turn east, to Tolentino, with its cathedral dedicated to St. Nicholas, patron of the town, who must be distinguished from the greater Nicholas of Bari, our Santa Claus. The chapel of the saint contains hundreds of votive gifts. The numerous silver offerings were of less interest than the unique painted wooden slabs. Here are frescoes of the life of the saint, of the local school, showing him in his black habit of the Augustinian order.

We passed under Macerata, which was to hold us for the night, and turned up toward Pausula, as enough daylight remained for viewing the pictures there. As we struck the up-grade, the car seemed to lack power. The wheels stopped when we came near the town,

*Alinari photo.* *San Severino Cathedral.*

PINTURICCHIO—MADONNA.

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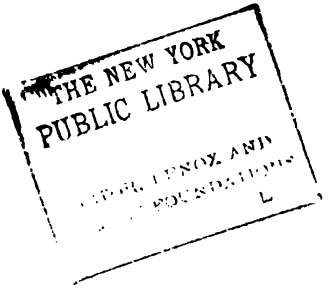
*Wilstach Collection, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.*



VITTORIO CRIVELLI—MADONNA.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though the engine continued to run perfectly. Leaving Mazzini to discover the trouble we walked the rest of the way. In brief, what we found at Pausula was a damaged but fine *Madonna*, by Crivelli (in S. Agostino), the attendant angels painted by a later hand; a *Madonna and Saints* by the younger Lorenzo di San Severino, and several panels, with saints, by Antonio and Bartolommeo Vivarini (in S. Pietro).

When we got back to the car, we found that Mazzini had indeed "discovered trouble." The friction discs of the clutch, owing to a lack of oil, seemed willing to work no longer. After dousing things with oil, we concluded to take the chance of getting to Macerata. With the aid of the men and boys who had gathered, we turned the car in the narrow road. Faced down-hill we were able to make some three miles, before a slight rise halted us. It was getting dark and our long day had made us cross, but there was worse to come. After a long wait, we were able to get a team of cows to tow us up the three miles of hill, into Macerata. It was hard work for the poor beasts, so we made the driver take his time. It was a full three hours, interminable ones, before we entered the town. The Professor had gone ahead to order dinner, which we were thankful to find ready at the Albergo Europa-Centrale. Mazzini, before eating, opened up the clutch, exposed a set of broken discs, and at once telegraphed to Turin for a new lot. That was Thursday night. From Saturday till midnight on Monday, we haunted the post-

office, getting a special permit for receiving the late mail. At last the longed-for package arrived and Mazzini went to work in short order.

Meanwhile, we had been passing the time as best we might. The weather was damp and cold, with more or less rain. Macerata itself is almost completely despoiled of pictures. Of its many Crivellis but one remains, London being the gainer, and that one is a badly treated rectangular panel, framed as an oval. Had we arrived a month earlier, we might have passed our time profitably at the exhibition of March painting, which had been recently dispersed, so recently, indeed, that at Fano and Cingoli we found the returned paintings not yet unboxed, though Italian courtesy had given us a prompt view of them.

One day we spent driving to Loreto, by way of Recanati. After the speed and ease of the Fiat, the lumbering horses and ironshod wheels were anything but comfortable. The pictures consoled us. The Lottos at Recanati outrival those at Bergamo. The *municipio* contains a six-panelled altarpiece. The Virgin, full of a queenly dignity, sits enthroned, while the infant Christ blesses a kneeling St. Dominic. Stately figures of Urban and Gregory, clad in their papal robes, give contrast to the music-making angels who sit on the step of the throne. The side panels, with their figures of saints, are also fine. One wants to chorus with Mr. Berenson his admiration for the robust St. Vitus, who is splendid. Lotto has less

*Alinari photo.* *Recanati.*

LORENZO LOTTO—"ANNUNCIATION."

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success with another subject, the *Transfiguration*, which proves too much for him.

*Collection of Mr. Louis R. Ehrich, New York.*

LORENZO LOTTO—A YOUNG WIDOW.

The church of San Domenico holds another Lotto, a *St. Vincent Ferrer*, who sits in a glory of clouds and

angels. Earnest and ascetic, he preaches his text, "Fear God and honour Him, for the day of His judgment is at hand." The church of Santa Maria Sopra

*Alinari photo.* *Loreto.*

SIGNORELLI—DETAIL OF A CEILING.

Mercanti contains Lotto's *Annunciation*, a rather startling picture. The dash with which the angel finishes his flight impresses us, as it so evidently does the frightened Virgin and the scampering cat. Above a charming glimpse of tree and arbour, we see God the

*Anderson photo.* *Loreto.*

MELOZZO DA FORLÌ—DETAIL OF A CEILING.

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Father, who seems Himself to be infected with Gabriel's activity. All in all, it is a work that interests without being elevated in tone. A very fine portrait by Lotto has recently come to America. Through the kindness of the owner, Mr. Louis Ehrich, I am able to reproduce it. Lotto never placed upon canvas a more charming face than that of this quiet young widow.

Loreto is twenty miles from Macerata and a long four beyond Recanati. Its great celebrity as a pilgrimage-town is due to the possession of the "House of the Virgin," said to have been miraculously brought from Nazareth by the hands of angels. The house is now surrounded by a sumptuous church. Many sculptors, architects, and painters have taken part in the decoration of the holy place. Chief interest lies in the works of Melozzo, Signorelli, and their assistants, with which two of the sacristies are adorned. Signorelli's works are early. Christ and the disciples, less Judas, are placed in pairs on the walls. Christ and the doubting Thomas make the best group. We see also a youthful Paul, stricken on his way to Damascus. But, for the real joy of the decoration, one must look upward to the angels, who, with the evangelists and the fathers of the church, fill the vault. They possess a refined charm that Signorelli entirely lacks in his stronger, later works. Melozzo's ceiling, executed in part by Palmezzano, his pupil, also gets its charm from the angels. The accompanying prophets are tiresome, but the angels—who can describe them! Bearing symbols of

the passion, with outspread wings and flowing draperies, they seem suspended in relief against the vaulted background.

Facing the church is the Apostolic Palace, with a picture gallery containing a round dozen of late works by Lotto, who spent the last years of his life in Loreto, dedicating his all to the religious house in return for support during the remainder of his days. The *Sacrifice of Melchisedek* and the *Presentation in the Temple* are fine works. The others are not particularly pleasing.

We found the ride back to Macerata a long one. The horses were weary and we walked all the hills in order to lighten their load. It was long past dinner-time when we reached the hotel. The head-waiter, whose continual determination to make us comfortable we could but insufficiently reward, saw that our dinner was satisfactory. One of the party asked for a second joint of chicken, and behold, the drumstick was brought in! We had forgotten the Italian custom of serving fowls with their lower limbs in full. Dinner was ended by the enticing *Zabaglione*, made with yolk of egg, sugar, marsala, and water, whipped and served hot.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MONTE SAN GIUSTO, BELFORTE, FOLIGNO, SPELLO, ASSISI, GUBBIO.

THE friction discs having arrived, it took Mazzini but a short time to put them in place. At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning we left our kind hosts and started down the tedious hill up which the cows had piloted us five days previously. Our long delay had overcome the possibility of going to Ascoli to see a fine Crivelli. Before starting westward, however, we ran up to Monte San Giusto, east of Pausula, where Lotto has left a most impressive *Crucifixion*. The picture is faulty in many respects, but the high, slender crosses, standing against the sky, make one forget the imperfections of the foreground.

We take our former road back to Tolentino, there turning to the left and continuing to follow the valley of the Chienti. We are soon running up-hill into the little town of Belforte, never before visited by an automobile. The engine stops. We enter the little church and are translated into a peace and quietness produced and dominated by the supreme work of art which faces us. No picture by an early master has so impressed me. Boccatis of Camerino is the artist who casts his

spell upon us. Dignified and spiritual, the archaicness of the picture but adds to a charm of whose strength a photograph can convey no idea. May the fame of Boccatis some day become equal to the power of the appeal that he makes to receptive souls!

Beyond Belforte we keep to the main road across the mountains. Camerino we leave to the north. Twenty-five miles from Tolentino, we are at Serravalle. Our early breakfast being by this time forgotten, we stopped at the *cantina*, with its "salt, stamps, and tobacco" sign, hopeful of getting something to eat. Eggs, shirred in oil on the hearth, chunky, brownish bread, and local wine were all that one could ask for. Much refreshed, we started upward again to find the bright sunshine for which we had long sought in vain. We soon came out upon a wondrous table-land, some six miles across, with mountains rising from all its boundaries much as they rise from the plateau in our own western country. We were at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet and the December air, fresh and crisp after the long rain, did our lungs good. Here and there lay banks of cloud, adding charm to the landscape. Springtime must make this plain of Colfiorito a very mass of wild flowers. The road rises a bit at the end of the plain, runs between hills, and then drops sharply, around dangerous curves, to Foligno. The Marches are behind us and we are again in Umbria, twenty-two miles south of Perugia.

Foligno's earliest paintings of importance are by no

*Fogg Museum, Cambridge, Mass.*

NICCOLÒ ALUNNO—MADONNA.

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native painter. Ottaviano Nelli, of Gubbio, coming, in 1424, at the invitation of Corrado de' Trinci, Lord of Foligno, frescoed the palace chapel with scenes from the life of the Virgin. Though we take into account the repainting and restoration from which these works have suffered, we nevertheless feel sure that Nelli's refinement, shown in his earlier *Madonna* at Gubbio, has given place to a coarse carelessness that does away with all but historic interest. Far different is it with the excellent Niccolò Alunno, who has decorated his native town with many attractive works. A pupil of Benozzo, who worked at near-by Montefalco, he did sterling work. Outside Foligno, we may see good pictures by him in Rome, Bologna, Milan, and our own Fogg Museum. Niccolò was inclined to over-expressiveness, following a lead opened to him by Crivelli. In Foligno, San Niccolò is best worth a visit, for his *Coronation* and *Nativity*. The latter, an *ancona* in many parts, bears a date that is easy to remember,—1492. Mezzastri was another painter of Foligno who came under the influence of Benozzo's art. Foligno contains several of his frescoes.

Spello, lying picturesquely three miles to the north of Foligno, calls Pinturicchio to mind, for it was there he painted some of his most attractive frescoes. Entering an old gateway of Roman foundation, flanked by a tower, upon whose top grows a sturdy tree, we mount upward to the cathedral church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Pinturicchio's frescoes are in a dimly lighted

chapel to the left. The *custode* aids our view with light thrown by silver-papered reflectors from the opened door. Unsatisfactory as the lighting is, we can see enough of the decorative effect to admire it. Pinturicchio's works here antedate by a year or so his frescoes in Siena's library. We liked best the *Jesus among the Doctors*. The artist casts aside the proverbial composition and brings his figures into the open, giving opportunity for the expression of the Umbrian love of far-stretching landscape. The central background is filled by a Bramantesque temple, a setting drawn from Perugino.

Assisi, well-known to all of us, had been left, a choice morsel, till near the end of our Umbrian feast. One fine morning we sallied forth from the Brufani. We stopped a moment at Bastia for a look at Alunno's *Madonna*, which, in its date, 1499, negatives the assertion, made by the compilers of the National Gallery catalogue, that the artist died in 1492. The work is somewhat hard in tone and shows the influence of Crivelli. Below Assisi, we enter the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, built over the spot where Saint Francis had his first chapel, the *portiuncula*, which stands under the dome of the present church. Adjacent are the cell of St. Francis and his rose garden, with its thornless roses. Fiorenzo's *Annunciation*, once to be seen here, has found a home in America.

Assisi, with her grandly bastioned church, her citadel, and Monte Subasio, fills the eye to satisfaction. As we

*Alinari photo.*

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looked up at her, over the olive groves that stood richly contrasted with the darkness of the new-ploughed soil, we forgot all other visions given by Italy and crowned Assisi queen. Assisi is ancient. Her temple of Minerva and the remains of her forum (now underground) take us back to Roman times. But our interest does not extend to these. St. Francis is all one cares for here, though we remember St. Clara because she shines by his reflected light. She, too, has her church, where she lies, mummy-like, to be inspected by the curious, who may, for a few coppers, purchase a pinch of the dust from her coffin. "To such base uses!" St. Francis's double church is endlessly interesting to a lover of early art, but its description lies beyond me. Upper church and lower are covered with innumerable frescoes, among which those of Giotto and his pupils are the most attractive, spreading before us, as they do, the panorama of the Franciscan legend. We must not overlook the works of Simone Martini and Pietro Lorenzetti or the half-gone frescoes by some great pre-Giottesque master, the breadth of whose style astonishes us, here and there, in the upper church.

To choose one's favourite among Giotto's Assisi works is not easy. The *Crucifixion* and *Visitation* of the lower church and the *Francis Preaching to the Birds*, in the much repainted upper-church series, are extremely fine. Taken as a whole, however, one still prefers the nobler frescoes of Padua.

Before going back to Perugia, we ran up the valley

of the Chiaggio, visiting Petrignano, San Gregorio, with its old castle and browsing sheep, and Rocca di Petrignano, higher up among the hills, with a small but interesting old church, whose walls are covered with frescoes by local followers of Fiorenzo. There are some earlier works (notably a *Flight into Egypt* behind the high altar, by a Giottesque master), which are really splendid.

We had left the car some distance below the town, as the rest of the way was a mere track. We walked back, down the hill, followed by a troup of children, who became most excited when they saw the long, red machine. Their exclamations, when told that it went without horses but had forty little horses in its insides, were a delight. We pumped them full of explanations in answer to their questions. We were soon on the main road again for an uneventful run to Perugia.

Information was at hand to the effect that the Tiber road to Gubbio had been repaired, so we decided to go. The outward trip was over the mountains, through Piccione, a way excellent, though steep. In getting to an altitude of twenty-three hundred feet, we had some fine views, though, as always, we missed the trees with which the now bare mountains were once covered. The green of the home trees is a comfort to the eye of Americans who return after a sojourn in Italy. The olive and the cypress become dear to the traveller but they can never take the place of the maple.

Gubbio is twenty-five miles from Perugia. Before an hour had passed, we were in sight of it. Lying at the foot of Monte Ingino, Gubbio adds one more to the long list of picturesque Italian towns. She has her distinctive qualities, savours of the Middle Ages, and, like her conspicuous "Palace of the Consuls" on its buttresses, holds herself stiffly and proudly erect. On the far hilltop behind her stands the convent of the

GUBBIO.

bishop-saint, Ubaldo, Gubbio's patron. We ran first to Santa Maria, with its *Madonna*, the best work of Ottaviano Nelli, attractive in colour and design. Outside the adjacent gate of the town is the church of Sant' Agostino, with recently discovered choir frescoes by Nelli which show traces of Taddeo Bartoli's influence. Some of the heads are excellent.

The Piazza Signoria and its two palaces of the Consuls

and the Commune are built on massive substructures which vie with those at Assisi. Noon was being rung from the Consul tower as we came up, rung from the big bell whose tones, they say, a strong *Tramontana* will carry as far as Perugia. The ringers stood in the tower, using the leverage of their weight upon a tilting beam to send the great bell now this way and now that. We left them still ringing and mounted the steps to the museum, where are the celebrated bronze tablets, which give, in an Italic dialect, ancient religious formulas. The pictures here are not important. We may note that an adoring Madonna, accompanied by the young Baptist, belongs, not to Neri di Bicci, to whom it is attributed, but to the pseudo Pier Francesco Fiorentino. We saw but little of the majolica for which Gubbio was once famous.

The ducal palace has been allowed to go to ruin. It was a fine building, tastefully proportioned, with windows whose terra-cotta decorations still command our admiration. The palace must surely have been placed by an æsthetic soul, for its outlook on the mountains, the old ivy-covered walls, and the green-sodded amphitheatre of Roman days, is a splendid one. Our guide told us that a restoration of the building is contemplated.

After lunch at the Albergo San Marco, we started back to Perugia, following the miniature railroad to Umbertide, on the Tiber. This was a roundabout route but we took it for the opportunity it gave of

seeing Signorelli's *Descent from the Cross* in Umbertide's oddly shaped church of Santa Croce. The picture, painted when the artist was an old man, is of equal dignity with its subject. Its condition is poor and will become worse, under the indifferent treatment to which it is very evidently subjected. The overpowering baroque frame is a detraction.

From Umbertide we ran beside the Tiber for several miles, finding the road in such excellent condition that we laughed at the stories of flood-damage that we had heard. But we did n't laugh for long. Striking a place where the roadway ran close to the river, we found that it had been terribly washed, but made practicable again by a filling of large pebbles. We made our way with difficulty, expecting that each curve would bring us in sight of good road once more. One mile we went, and two, and three, and still no relief. The road became even worse and the pebbles grew in size, until riding over them was anything but comfortable. Mazzini and the Fiat were undaunted, however. At last we met our Waterloo. The road took a sudden drop of about four feet, beyond which the repairs followed the lower level. "I can make it all right," declared Mazzini, whose recklessness had to surrender, however, to the pertinent question: "How are you going to go up a four-foot break, over loose pebbles, when you get to the other end?" So Mazzini had to turn back again, protesting. We soon found a small cross-road that led up from the hamlet of La

Forra, over the steep mountain to the west. Steep it was indeed, and no mistake. Our hard run through the pebbles had given the engine all it could do and the further dose of a terrific grade was a severe test, through which the machine came with flying colours. The worst grade was just outside of Perugia, leading up to the Porta del Bulagaio. Visitors to Perugia may see the hill for themselves if they take a pleasant walk just outside the gate.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SPOLETO, NORCIA, THE COLLE RADICINO, AQUILA.

ALL good things come to an end. One fine day we said good-bye to our kind hosts of the Brufani. Bastia, Assisi, Spello, and Foligno showed us in turn their familiar faces. The old woman selling chestnuts sat, as usual, at Foligno's gate, avoiding the local *dazio*, or food tax, by sitting just outside the limits of the town's authority. Passing beyond Trevi, pyramidal on its hill, we came to splendid groves of oak whose equal we had not seen, and to the source of the Clitumnus, described, at wide periods of time, by Pliny and Byron. The spot is a lovely one, even in winter. Summer finds it a favourite lunch-place for automobilists from Rome. A few miles more and we are at Spoleto.

Spoleto's Albergo, the Lucini, looks like a transformed antiquary-shop, so full is it of old furniture and pictures—"truck" as we called it, after examining its quality. There might be something valuable in the lot but we were unable to discover it. The hotel furnished us with excellent accommodation and I ought not to say anything offensive to its objects of art. Perhaps, even, one might find that they are not for sale. How-

ever that may be, I feel certain that those of my readers who investigate the matter will at once discard the sour grapes theory.

OAKS NEAR TREVI.

Spoleto is ancient. I get tired of writing that about town after town. The races that have inhabited Italy seem a conservative lot, with "once a town always a town" as their motto. Spoleto was first Umbrian, a period that gives us interesting remains of polygonal

walls. Then she became a colony of Rome and soon won glory by her repulse of Hannibal. Roman works are numerous, among them an arch, erected to Drusus and Germanicus, and the remains of a house which, inscriptions tell us, belonged to the mother of the Emperor Vespasian. At the top of the hill on which the town lies, is the old fortress, built in the fourteenth century on the site of the ancient citadel. Sunset

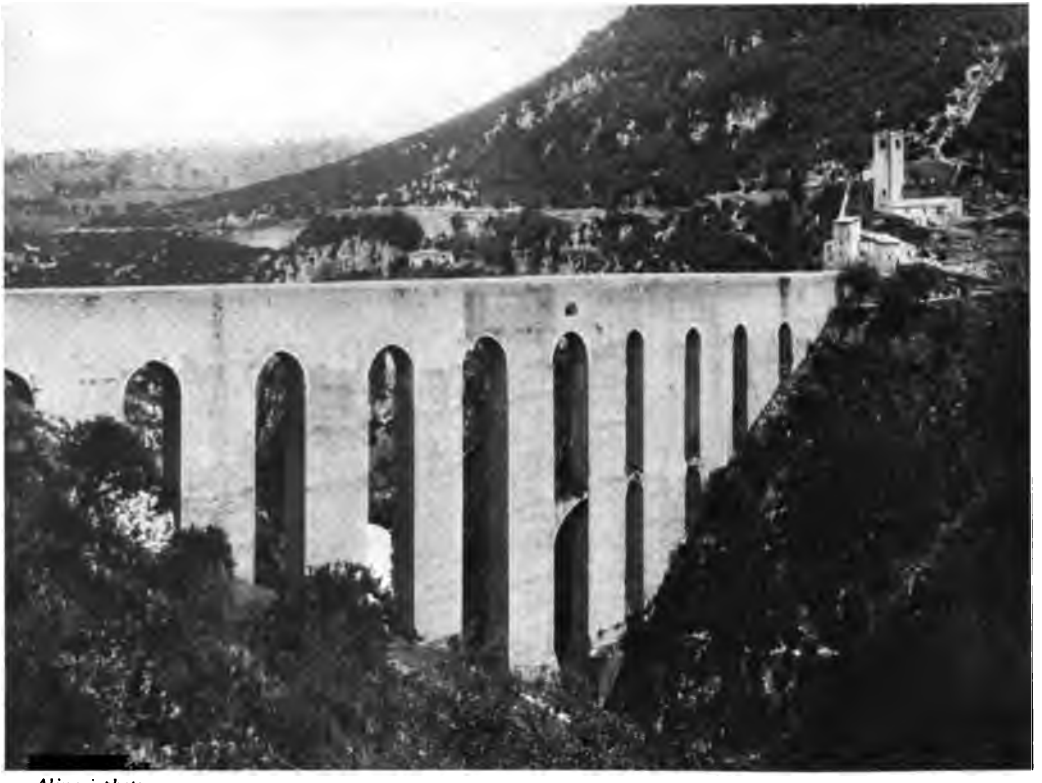
THE SOURCE OF THE CLITUMNUS.

found us passing under its massive walls, whose sentries keep strict guard, for the fortress is now a prison. Passing beyond it, one comes out upon a view that the visitor must not miss. Beyond a deep ravine Monte Luco rises high, splendid in her covering of holm-oaks, and celebrated, in days long past, for her many hermit habitants. The gorge, through which flows the Tessino, is spanned by a bridge set on tall stilts of brick, the longest with a length of three hundred feet. Roman

in foundation, built up by the dukes of Spoleto in the fore-part of the seventh century, it has, with subsequent repairs, come down to us as a mute witness to restrain our ardent championship of the modern age that boasts its scientific constructions. Rome can give us lessons in brickwork. What must Constantine's great basilica have been in its glory, when we gaze in admiration at what was merely a side aisle! Go to Rome's forum and note the aspiring spring of the broken arch that soars heavenward. Nothing of to-day can compare with it.

From Florence came Fra Filippo to paint for Spoleto's cathedral scenes from the life of the Virgin, which he did not live to finish. The *Coronation* in the half dome of the apse, with its decorative glory of red and blue, is almost wholly by his hand. Damaged though it be, its beauty is still sufficient to make it the most important work of the master. Breadth and dignity are here in fuller measure than is usually afforded by that "frater Philippus" who painted the winsome young Baptist of Berlin's adoring Madonna. God the Father, truly patriarchal, crowns and blesses the kneeling Virgin, while the angel hosts attend with song and adoration. Fra Filippo's tomb, which, by inscription and coat of arms, proclaims its erection by Lorenzo the Magnificent, is in a near-by chapel. The artist's likeness, with its elongated skull, betrays scant resemblance to that he himself gave us in the Florence Academy.

Lo Spagna, pupil of Perugino, is another artist whose



*Alinari photo.*

373 THE PONTE DELLE TORRI—SPOLETO.

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work may be seen to advantage in and near Spoleto. The best example is that in the gallery, the Virgin and Child with Jerome, Francis, Catherine, and Brizius. A recent American writer, in his admiration for this work, wonders "what Lo Spagna, who died before he was twenty-four, would have accomplished had he lived to the allotted age." We do not know the date of Lo Spagna's birth, but he was working independently at Todi in 1507. Works by him date as late as 1526 and there exists an account of money paid to him in 1528. Assuming his death in the latter year, we have him, according to Mr. Williams, an independent master at the age of three! Lo Spagna painted many pleasing works but was lacking in the initiative that goes with genius. Copying a composition was preferable to originating one of his own. So it is that at Todi and Trevi he copies Ghirlandajo's Narni picture, at the church of San Giacomo, near Spoleto, he copies Fra Filippo's *Coronation*, and in the Louvre he copies his own Vatican picture, by almost exactly reversing it. Withal, he was a pleasing master and we enjoyed seeking out his works at Spoleto.

The day we left Spoleto proved certainly a most strenuous one. We started early, just as the rising sun tipped the mountain tops. Soon Montefalco and distant Perugia felt the waking day, and pinnacle and tower sparkled back at us. Ours was to be a "nature day," and it began right royally. From Spoleto we ran eastward into the mountains, breezing along the up-grade in the chill air that made us glad of our warm

wraps. At ten kilometres we reached the Forca di Cerro, a pass whose elevation is twenty-five hundred feet, and then ran down the valley of the Nera to Piedipaterno, passing, on the way, a steam automobile which carries passengers to Norcia. The wheels are of iron, with a four-inch tread. The car, which held perhaps a dozen persons, seemed to be making good time. It has proved a boon to the mountain

THE GRAN SASSO FROM AMATRICE.

towns that can never hope for a railroad. At thirty kilometres from Spoleto we reached Triponzo, where we crossed the Nera and began to ascend the valley of the Corno. Here we ran into clouds, which stayed with us for a while, making fast running difficult. Another twenty kilometres brought us to Norcia, famous as the birthplace of St. Benedict. It is a busy little town. We looked in vain for pictures, thinking

that in such an out-of-the-way place we might find something of importance that had been overlooked. The church of St. Benedict, with a fine old front, was the most attractive feature of the place. Our early breakfast needed aid by this time, so we helped it with fried eggs and bread. The Italians certainly can fry eggs in a way that makes one's mouth water. We were still enveloped in cloud as we left Norcia, and stayed so for several miles. Ascending rapidly we suddenly came out above the cloud, which lay, like a sea, below us, with the mountain tops visible in the distance. On the Gran Sasso, ten years before, I had seen a similar but more wonderful effect which had starlight and dawn for aids.

We went higher and higher and just before reaching the top of the pass, the Colle Radicino, height 5100 feet, ran into snow. It was not deep enough to be troublesome. Passing the summit, we came into sight of the Sibylline Mountains, to the north-east. We stopped to enjoy the splendid view which terminated to the south in the Gran Sasso—the "Big Rock,"—as the Italians call it. The peaks of the group are the highest in Italy, forming the north boundary of the district known as the Abruzzi.

Fifteen kilometres from the top we took a road to the south. Twenty more and we were at Amatrice, which has a church with an interesting doorway. The view from the town is a splendid one. Thirty-five miles of a roundabout road, at an average elevation of over

three thousand feet, brought us to Aquila, the chief town of the Abruzzi, which may be reached by railroad.

Ten years before, in December, we had made Aquila our base for an ascent of Monte Corno, the highest peak of the Gran Sasso. There had been several days of rain and we not only expected a deal of snow in the mountains, but were not over-hopeful of good weather. A night spent in Aquila had been followed by a drizzly morning. Taking a chance on the weather was less trouble than being bored to death in the gloomy hotel, so, after lunch, we started, footing it eastward to the little town of Paganica and then turning north to still smaller Assergi, which lies close under the mountains. The road ran beside a small stream whose ample, rocky bed proved that the spring would see it grow to a torrent. At one point, in almost the bed of the stream, had been built a little church. High above, on a conspicuous rock, three crosses stood against the sky. Italians of the mountain districts, removed as they are from the more active world, have a simple religious feeling which seems common to mountain-dwellers the world over. I doubt if anywhere else there are so many wayside shrines as in the mountain country dominated by the Ortler, where Italy, Austria, and Switzerland come together.

Assergi's hospitality was limited to a room at the tobacconist's, where we were made very comfortable. My companion drew the choice of beds and selected the moderate sized one, knowing it to be

379 THE ROAD TO ASSERGI.

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warmer. The other was the largest I had ever seen, something really marvellous. I placed two great armchairs, backs down, on top of one side of it, limiting the area to be warmed. Our hostess brought a large brazier of charcoal, set in an iron frame, which, placed under the covers, made things fine and comfortable by the time we wanted to turn in.

The old tobacconist, though holder of the government's license to sell tobacco, salt, and stamps, and the most important man in town, had very primitive ideas. The first thing we did was to arrange for a guide for the morrow, the second for lunch. Our host suggested broiled chicken, whereupon his wife went out and captured a rooster, after which we all sat around in a circle while the old lady cut the bird's throat and let the blood drip slowly into a saucer. Blood is an excellent foundation for gravy and is sold, in coagulated cakes, at all Italian butcher shops. As we sat there, the old man became talkative and wanted to know whence we came. When told America, he wanted to know whether North or South, South America drawing fully as many Italians as North and of a better quality. Yes, he had heard of New York; thought it must be a nice place; was it as big as Aquila? Bigger? But Rome, that was a great city! New York six times as large as Rome? Impossible! It's a joke!

Four o'clock found us starting, our guide leading the way with a lantern, through the darkness. There was a dense mist and it was very cold, but had stopped

raining. Up over mountain pastures, rocky and reeking with dew, the path led. After a while it seemed to grow lighter and in a moment I was calling attention to a peculiar luminosity that shone through the mist, almost directly overhead. Could it be the moon? Nowhere except in Egypt had I seen her so high in the heavens. A moment more and the mystery was solved. We emerged from the cloud and found Sirius blazing down upon us in a fairly startling manner. And the other stars, how can one describe them! The days of bad weather had cleared the atmosphere wonderfully, with a result that we can never forget. Above us, the heavens dazzled, while below was a scene of no less beauty, clouds stretching away endlessly under the starlight, like some great billowy ocean. To the south-east the noble form of the Majella rose majestic, silent, and white. Day broke, and with the change came beauty of another sort, but no less rare. The whole mass of cloud beneath us seemed suddenly to catch the warming influence of the great orb, as billow after billow grew pink and opalescent. We ceased to climb, having no heart to turn our backs on such a glory. One might with skill produce a photograph of the scene, but the colour that gave it life was but for the time, and we can only cherish it in memory. The illustration, taken elsewhere, gives a very fair idea of the clouds themselves.

Some time before this we had reached snow and our guide remarked that it would be deep above, and in-

*Alinari photo.*, 13947.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

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deed it was. Reaching the hut of the Italian Alpine Club, in a level spot, twenty-five hundred feet below the summit, we found it simply buried in snow. It was some time before we could dig our way in and force the door. Lunch had difficulty in keeping pace with our appetite. We were soon on our way again. Monte Corno, Intermesole, and the other fine peaks were completely covered with snow. This at first proved an aid rather than a hindrance and we were able rapidly to scale what was ordinarily a difficult rock wall. Following the usual route and crossing over to the far side of the ridge, we came upon snow, in which, at times, we floundered almost to our necks. The guide broke the way for a few feet and gave it up. Taking the lead, I did but little better, and it was owing only to the mountaineering skill of my companion that we finally reached the summit. "Thanks be to God for the mountains" some one has inscribed on the rocks that top Old Whiteface in the Adirondacks. My boyhood's memory of it came back as I drank in the horizon at the end of the ascent. To west, the sea, to east, the sea, and beyond, the snow-clad mountains of Dalmatia. Such is what the Gran Sasso holds for her conquerors. Our day was perfect and we did indeed thank God for the mountains.

Aquila contains little of interest beyond the façades of the churches of S. Maria di Collemaggio and of San Bernardino. The latter contains the tomb of Siena's great Franciscan saint, whose name it bears.

Bernardino died at Aquila in 1444, worn out by that missionary work which his great eloquence had made so successful.

We had a late lunch at Aquila, with a hurried bit of sightseeing afterwards, and then sped away westward. After going a few miles the Gran Sasso, ruddy in the late sun, afforded a splendid view. Our road, running through the mountains, took us over the Sella di Corno, just as the moon rose. The silvery landscape filled us with poetic delight, which disintegrated as we plunged into the dark ravine above Antrodoco, where the *breccia* very promptly produced a puncture. We were tired but worked with a will and were soon on our way again, entertaining visions of Rieti and dinner, when "pop" went another puncture. Another inner tube, another turn about at pumping, and fifteen miles in the moonlight, over a good road, brought us to Rieti and the Inn of the White Cross. It had been the longest day of our trip and we slept soundly on top of it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RIETI, TERNI, TODI, ORVIETO, VITERBO, FERENTO, VILLA LANTE.

RIETI was the ancient capital of the Sabines but nothing interesting remains to her from that period. A *Madonna* by Antoniazzo is her chief work of art. We left next morning with lazy lateness and ran down the broad valley of the Velino to Piediluco, whose castled mountain lies reflected in the quiet waters of the lake. Four miles beyond, the Velino makes a leap into freedom which forms the triple fall, over six hundred feet in height, whose beauty is celebrated. A short walk from the road takes one to a view-point whose only detraction is a spray bath. Far below lies the Nera, toward which the Velino so anxiously leaps. The glistening foliage adds not a little to the beauty of it all.

Terni, where we stopped for lunch, lies a few miles below the falls. It is a busy manufacturing town. En route once more, Narni drew us with its fine old walls, its Ghirlandajo *Coronation*, and the Roman bridge that once carried the Via Flaminia over the Nera. But one arch remains, a fit study in beauty of proportion.

The road to Todi, thirty odd miles away, seemed plain enough, but we missed it somehow and found ourselves at Massa Martana, a small place of no interest. Back-tracking, we were soon in sight of our destination but were not to get there without a tremendously stiff grade that led up into the piazza from the south-east. It was another one of those places where the only thing to do is to go ahead. The "Samsons" held well on the paving-stones and we went up in fine shape. We could never get used to the Fiat's ability as a hill-climber.

The cathedral, to which many steps lead up, fills the north end of the piazza. The façade is interesting, with its fine rose-window and sculptured portal. Above, to left and right, are carved figures of Gabriel and the Virgin, excellent works. The adjacent Palazzo Pubblico, with some interesting windows, contains Lo Spagna's *Coronation*, a work whose softness of tone and type makes interesting a comparison with Ghirlandajo's picture at Narni, which served as its prototype. Lo Spagna follows closely the earlier composition, though he increases the distance between the figures of Christ and the Virgin, which are in the heavens, and the saints who kneel in adoration on the earth below. Due to this and to the mellowing of the Florentine's hard and realistic types, the later work proves more pleasing. The church of S. Fortunato, with a good gothic interior, contains a *Madonna* of great beauty, recently discovered by F. Mason Perkins, to which neither guide-books

FALLS OF THE VELINO.

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nor art-books lead. Seated with the Child on her lap and adored by angels, she comes so close to the con-

THE PIAZZA—TODI.

ception which Masolino gives us as to be possibly by his hand.

Todi is known to architects for its sixteenth-century

church of Santa Maria della Consolazione, a domed building that is really very fine, though built in an unsympathetic style. The church lies to the south of the town, on the road that leads down to the Tiber. Crossing the latter, we ran to Orvieto through very hilly country, mounting three several ridges at a height of two thousand feet. The touring-club guide proved at fault for the first time of the trip, being accurate for neither grades nor distances, as we could see by comparison with the kilometre posts. A bad tire gave us some trouble and it was after six o'clock when we saw the lights of Orvieto glimmering far below.

Orvieto lies on a rock-girt table-land, whose sides rise precipitously from a hilltop to a height of five hundred feet above the Paglia. The Etruscan remains of the neighbourhood and other evidences make it probable that she stands where stood, of old, Volsinii, one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan league. Plundered and destroyed by the Romans, her natural strength of position procured her rebuilding. During the middle ages, she came into history more than once as the giver of sanctuary to troubled popes.

The cathedral is Orvieto's boast. Magnificent it certainly is, but the over-decorated, many-coloured façade gives one a sense of weariness. One yearns for simplicity. The interior, with its alabaster windows (attractive only in their novelty) and striped walls, is not restful. As we pass up the nave we should notice a *Madonna* by Gentile da Fabriano, damaged,

*Alinari photo.* *Orvieto.*

SIGNORELLI—" THE DAY OF JUDGMENT."
(Detail.)

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but showing forth still its fineness of spirit. We pass on to the right transept, where Signorelli has left a cycle of frescoes, of prime importance to the history of painting. In 1447, Fra Angelico, coming from Rome, began the decoration of the transept chapel, but left after completing a part of the ceiling. Fifty years later, Signorelli took up the task and completed it in a manner differing immensely from that of the gentle Beato. Cortona's master throws upon the wall masses of nude figures, suffering figures, progenitors of Michael Angelo's giant offspring. The impression is one of power, but as we look upon these representations of the *Judgment Day*, the *Resurrection of the Dead*, and upon the struggling multitude of the damned, or even upon the elect themselves, we feel no sense of pleasure. The ceiling, with its groups of saints, patriarchs, and martyrs, is less intense. The arabesques, framing portraits of Dante and Virgil, show another side of the master's fertile imagination. The able treatment of the nude, however, is the matter of main interest from the historic point of view. Nothing had been done to equal it since the old Greek masters laid away their chisels.

Near the cathedral rises the Palace of the Popes, built by Boniface VIII., about 1300. It is now used as a museum. Its Etruscan relics are interesting. Of the pictures, the finest is by Simone Martini, a polyptych, dating from 1320. One should not leave Orvieto without seeing the church of San Giovenale and its very early frescoes.

The *Tramontana* blew hard as we left Orvieto. We stopped a few minutes at the north-west end of the town for an inspection of the Etruscan necropolis of the fifth century B.C. The tombs here differ from those usually seen, being built up of squared stones instead of cut from the native rock. Thirty kilometres, over the hills, on a road that was almost as fine as if built of cinders, brought us to the high-lying town of Monte-

ETRUSCAN TOMBS, ORVIETO.

fiascone. We ran out to the westerly point where, spread before us, lay the lake of Bolsena, with Monte Amiata in the distance. It was at Bolsena that occurred the "Miracle of the Bleeding Host," recorded by Raphael in his Vatican fresco and to commemorate which the cathedral of Orvieto was founded. Montefiascone is celebrated for its wine, very properly, since "fiascone" means "big flask." The story that gives

*Alinari photo.* *Viterbo.*

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO—PIETÀ.

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the wine its name—"Est-Est"—is well known but may bear repeating. A certain lord, a great lover of wine, used, when travelling, to send a competent servant forward to choose out stopping-places where the wine was good. Where his palate was tickled, the servant would place a cabalistic "Est" ("It *is* good") on the chosen door-post. Montefiascone pleased overmuch and the enthusiastic rascal emphasised his delight with an "Est-Est-Est." The result was dire, for the master, when he came, so approved his servant's taste as to drink and drink until he sat there, dead. He lies buried in a neighbouring church, beneath an appropriate epitaph. We, too, tried some of the wine, and found it fairly good. Fifteen kilometres more, down the hill and across the plain, brought us to Viterbo, where Signor Giordano, genial proprietor of the Grand Hotel, made us welcome.

Viterbo was a favourite residence of the popes. Clement IV. and Hadrian V. lie buried here, their canopied tombs rich with the gilded cubes of the Cosmati. Viterbo, in Sebastiano del Piombo's *Pietà*, possesses one of the world's great pictures. It is in the Palazzo Municipale. Sebastiano here gives us all the breadth and power that he drew from his training under Michael Angelo. Two figures form the picture. Christ lies before us, while the Virgin, her hands clasped in mute supplication, sits beside him, in a darkness that is faintly lighted by the moon.

Lorenzo of Viterbo is her one excellent painter. His

works, which are rare, proclaim him a follower of Benozzo Gozzoli. We go beyond the gate and walk along the old Longobard wall, with its towers, until we come to the church of Santa Maria della Verità.

THE WALLS—VITERBO.

The adjacent building is used as a government school and many were the laughing boys who poured out as we sought to enter. One of the teachers took great pleasure in admitting us to the fine cloister and church,

where Lorenzo has filled a chapel with scenes from the life of the Virgin. Of these, the simple and majestic *Marriage of Joseph and Mary*, containing portraits

FERENTO.

that are most highly typical of their time, takes first rank.

The cathedral contains an interesting picture, whose authorship is characteristically discussed by Mr. Berenson in his *Study and Criticism of Italian Art* (second

series). Long attributed to Mantegna, this group of Christ and four saints is now brought into connection with the author of many of the miniatures which so delight one as they decorate the pages of the old choral books of Siena's cathedral, namely, Girolamo of Cremona.

San Sisto, with its twisted column, reminiscent of Roslyn, and S. Giovanni in Zoccoli, with an interesting polyptych (1441) by a certain Francesco di Antonio of Viterbo, should be visited, if time permits.

FERENTO.

Ferento, an old Etruscan site, six miles north of Viterbo, afforded an interesting excursion. The remains of the old theatre, Roman rather than Etruscan, are extensive. At some points, one wonders how the stones have held together through the centuries. Arches, which seem to be on the point of dissolution, are probably as firm as adamant.

Returning to the outskirts of Viterbo, we swing to the east and run by the *Via della Quercia*, "Oak Street," to the dirty little town of Bagnaia, with its famous

Villa Lante, whose gardens, fountains, and splendid trees prove most attractive. One great stone-pine, standing apart, is monarch of the rest. How foolish seem our childhood lessons, that "green does n't go with

A STONE PINE—VILLA LANTE.

blue," as we look at the massy foliage outlined against the sky, one of the most beautiful colour-schemes that Nature has given us!

Viterbo lies within easy distance of the old Etruscan

necropoli of Castel d'Asso and Norchia, the latter being of particular interest for its tombs with rock-cut pediments. The nature of the land, with many narrow valleys banked by perpendicular faces of rock, afforded the Etruscans a method of burial comparable to that of Egypt. The upper face of the cliff has been ornamented after a fashion, usually by the cutting of horizontal mouldings. Far below, to-day almost inaccessible, we find the tomb entrance, a simple rectangular cut in the solid rock, leading inward for twenty feet or more until the tomb-chamber is reached. Here are found couches, sculptured in the rock, on which the dead were placed. Often there are sarcophagi as well, dating from a later period. Norchia gives the most elaborate exteriors, while Corneto and Cerveteri, which are farther west and look to the Mediterranean, give us sculptured and painted interiors of great interest. These latter are easy of access while those at Norchia and Castel d'Asso are very difficult, as one has to crawl in, stretched flat out, the earth-choked passage affording at times a space that is a scant eighteen inches square. Some years before, we had made a bicycle tour of the district, going from Rome by way of Civitavecchia, Toscanella, and Viterbo. One place which we had before omitted, Bieda, we determined now to visit. To do this, we took the lower or westerly road (the easterly leads high up through the Ciminian Forest, replete with Roman memories) through Vetralla, beyond which we turned to the

ETRUSCAN TOMBS—NORCHIA.

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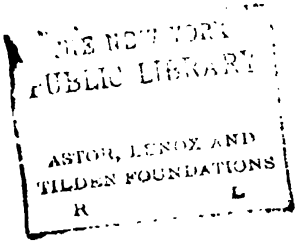
TOMB OF THE BAS-RELIEFS: A BURIAL COUCH—CERVETERI.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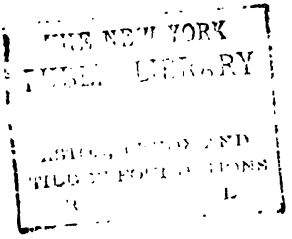
TOMB OF THE LEOPARDS—CORNETO.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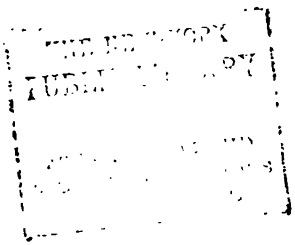
ROMAN BRIDGE—BIEDA.



right, by a winding road, which, after five miles, brought us to the inaccessible little town, whose inhabitants wondered at the strange machine, the like of which scarce one had ever before seen. Bieda, aside from the Roman bridge, which, with its slender arch, still spans the little stream below the town, proved a disappointment, as there are no tombs to compare with those of Norchia. After a vain hunt for something artistic in the churches, we ran back to the main road and headed south once more, intending to reach Rome by Bracciano, with its lake and castle. Something was wrong, however, as we missed the road and found ourselves running down a steep hill into Ronciglione, known as the dirtiest town in Italy. In spite of its reputation, our stomachs demanded that we seek something to eat there. The results of inquiries for food were not particularly satisfactory. We managed to get some rough bread and some rougher cheese. Eggs, we were told, were not to be had, a statement that caused Mazzini to gaze querulously at the old hen who paraded around the floor of the restaurant, picking up crumbs from under the tables. From Ronciglione to Monterosi and beyond, we had a fine view of Soracte, reminder of Horace and the poetic license he used in describing her as "shining white with snow," a great rarity in these days. We had been up Soracte years before and well remembered the classic glamour that surrounded the shepherd boys, piping to their flocks on the higher pastures. Once, when we had left the

path to seek a direct but arduous way to the summit, a curly-haired youngster, brown as a berry, tried to dissuade us, not understanding that we were in training for the Gran Sasso and wanted to rough it.

As we passed beyond the site of ancient Veii (which, till Camillus destroyed her, rivalled Rome) and the so-called "Tomb of Nero," the Eternal City opened on our sight. Monte Mario, the dome of St. Peter's, and Monte Cavo filled the eye to west and south, while eastward the well-remembered mass of Monte Gennaro rose beyond Tivoli. We crossed the Tiber by the Ponte Molle, that Milvian Bridge where Constantine overcame Maxentius. Instead of continuing on by the Porta del Popolo, we bore to the left, through the parkway named for the queen-mother, and entered the city by the Porta Pia, thus avoiding crowded streets and reaching our hotel with speed and safety.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ROME, MONTE CAVO, NORBA, SUBIACO.

ROME held us for many days, days of luxurious comfort, earned during our many strenuous weeks from Turin. At first we took several trips that were of interest; but the latter part of our stay was a glorious loafing amid Rome's many wonders. Were Rome's treasures all that remained of the world's art, there still would be left sufficient material for a broad history of the works of men's hands. Within her walls, Servian, Honorian, and Leonine, Rome has collected the sculptured treasures of ancient Greece, the grand constructions of her Roman builders, expressed in mighty monuments of brick and stone,—towering walls, massive gates, triumphal arch, and pagan temple; early Christianity pays her tribute with simple basilica, sober golden mosaic, or sarcophagi, with scripture-stories quaintly told. Time passes and Rome's glory fades, only to shine again in the golden days of the Renaissance when all Italy gave of her art to adorn the capitol of the Vicar of Christ. Rome rose once more in splendour, art-mistress of the world, and holds her own till now, when students from other lands come to her to be taught, as nowhere else, the story of

the ages. So much she gives to us of beauty that our memories, set down, would form a catalogue. For the pleasure of the memory as I write, let me call to mind the noble Pantheon, with its dome so spacious and resting so lightly that all sense of ponderance is forgotten; the mighty mass of brick basilica whose ruins bear the name of Constantine; St. Peter's too, a work of art, if we but get a view that gives us the original purity of Michael Angelo's design. Let San Lorenzo "without the walls" stand to us as the type of early Christian church, though S. Clemente and S. Prassede serve almost as well. Of sculpture, a worthy representative is the *Birth of Venus*, so-called, which is to be found in the Terme Museum. Michael Angelo's *Moses* stands alone among later works. Visiting it, at the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, one passes the tomb of old Nicholas of Cusa, whose name was a by-word in college days, when philosophy gave food for thought. As tribute to those days I set down his epitaph, stilted though the Latin be: "Nicolaus de Cusa, vixit annis LXIII. Dilexit Deum, timuit et veneratus est ac illi soli servivit. Obiit 1464, 11 Aug." Among the pictures, the greater works of the Stanze and the Sistine Chapel cannot make us forget the entrancing *Madonna* of the Colonna Gallery, to which custom has put the name of Gentile da Fabriano; Antoniazzo's *Annunciation* in the Minerva, where Fra Angelico lies buried; and the saintly figure, by Tura, whose recent purchase has enriched the Borghese Gallery and robbed the

*Alinari photo.* *Colonna Gallery, Rome.*

MADONNA—ATTRIBUTED TO GENTILE DA FABRIANO.

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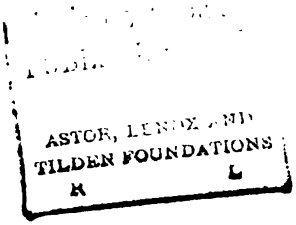
*Alinari photo.* *S. Maria sopra Minerva, Rome.*



ANTONIAZZO—"ANNUNCIATION."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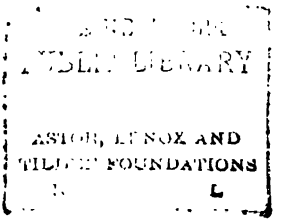
*Anderson photo.* *Doria Gallery, Rome.*

VELASQUEZ—"POPE INNOCENT X."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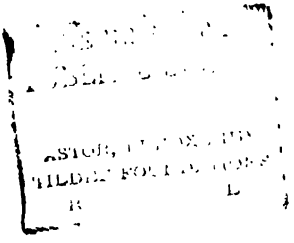
*Anderson photo.*

425 MONTE CAVO AND THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.



adjacent Raphael of all impressiveness. Last and greatest must be added the splendid portrait of Pope Innocent X. in the Doria Gallery, the supreme expression of the art of Spain's greatest master, Velasquez.

We were in Rome for Christmas. The dearest memory of the festival centres around the tots who spoke their little pieces in the Aracoeli, where a famous *Presepio* was exposed to view. One after another, wee mites of humanity were pushed forward to tell, in their own language, the story of the birth of Jesus. True Italians all, they impressed us with the spontaneity of their gestures. American children would kill with their awkwardness what here was a delight. There was some bashfulness, it is true, more to be seen in the boys than in the girls, but it was just sufficient to add to the cuteness of the ceremony.

Rome is not an ideal centre for touring. Several places of interest are within reach but the roads near Rome are miserable, due to excessive use. The more important are paved with cobble-stones for several miles from the gates—excellent for the carter but detracting from automobile enjoyment.

Our first trip took us to Monte Cavo, highest of those Alban Hills, under whose shadow, so tradition says, Rome's founders had their birth. We went southward across the broad campagna, where broken lines of stilted arches march majestic, far more picturesque in their ruin than when they brought to Rome, from the hills, refreshing water for the baths and fountains.

Small towns and clustering villas lie scattered on the rising ground that takes us upward. Soon we are at Frascati, whose name the wine-shops of Rome tend to immortalise. A winding, wooded road leads thence

DWELLERS ON MONTE CAVO.

to Rocca di Papa, high up on the hillside. The car can take us no farther. Dismounting, we climb upward, soon leaving the town's filth and reaching a point where lies a broad upland plain, once a crater, called after

Hannibal, who, the Italians maintain, had his camp here. Going farther, we reach at length the ancient road that leads to the summit. Blocks of basalt, like those of Rome's *Via Sacra*, remain in perfect preserva-

ANCIENT ROMAN ROAD—MONTE CAVO.

tion. We follow in the steps of those old conquerors to whom the Senate had refused the glory of a Roman triumph. Here they came, to the cradle of their race, to lay their trophies on the altar of the Latian Jupiter,

whose temple crowned the summit of this, the Alban Mount. To-day, a deserted monastery fills the spot so sacred in the eyes of the classicists. June makes a paradise of the place and even December finds it beautiful. The old beeches, though leafless, attracted us more, with the strength of their bared branches, than did the view itself, which gave the eye a grand expanse of sea and lake, of plain and mountain, for a feast.

BEECHES—MONTE CAVO.

We lingered till the sun set in the sea, a long, fiery lane leading horizonward across the water to his resting-place.

Another day we went to Terracina and back. The Appian Way, lined with its tombs, is to be avoided by autoists, so we took the new and less direct road of the same name, until we had gone some fifteen miles, to where the new road runs into the old;—then on, up the

hill, to where we turned toward Castel Gandolfo, in order to get a view of the beautiful Lake of Albano, on whose more distant boundary once lay Alba Longa, mother of Rome. Turning again, we ran through Albano and Ariccia to Genzano. Near-by lies in shaded quiet the crater-filling Lake of Nemi, uniquely beautiful, upon whose bosom floated, in ancient days, the pleasure galleys of Tiberius. From the grounds of the Cesarini

PELASGIC GATEWAY—NORBA.

Palace, opened on presentation of one's card, the lake, viewed through varied vistas of trees, gleams in soft attraction. From the next town, Velletri, of Volscian origin, the road led downward into the sea-coast plain of the Maremma. We passed under Cori, lying on the hills to the east, noted for its remains of the Pelasgic period, which consist of old walls built of polygonal blocks of stone. Norba, farther on, with similar

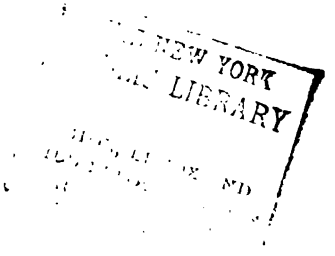
remains of more importance, had been visited in our student days and we determined to go there again, in spite of its high elevation and the twisting, turning road that leads to it. The old site is no longer inhabited, the neighbouring Norma taking its place. Norba lies thirteen hundred feet above the plain and from it one looks far off across the Pontine Marshes, to where the

PELASGIC WALL—NORBA.

promontory of Monte Circeo—Mount of Circe of the *Odyssey* and scene of her enchantments—rears itself.

Norba's massive walls, forming a circuit of nearly two miles, are a splendid example of "polygonal" work. Within the old city one finds the foundations of many buildings and a large cistern. The remains date from a period anterior to 492 B. C., at which time Norba became a Roman colony. Leaving the plain and passing through the mediæval town of Ninfa, with its old

A CORNER OF THE CITADEL—ALATRI.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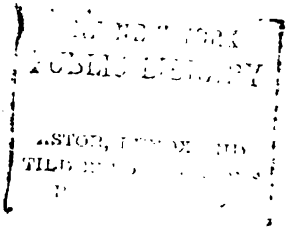
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tower, its mill, and its malarial surroundings, we found ourselves breasting the hill in fine fashion. With a backing-up or two at the shortest turns we reached the top and spent an hour rambling over the place. In days gone by we had spent a week at Norma. High up behind the town rises Semprevisa, with an altitude of five thousand feet, the highest of the coast mountains between Rome and Naples. Once we made the ascent and were rewarded by a splendid view. To the west we looked far out over the Mediterranean. Below us, to the east, lay the little hill-town of Carpineto Romano, birthplace of Leo XIII. As we looked down upon it, far below, borne up to us through the still air came the sound of church-bells. We listened till it ceased, and looking farther, were able to pick out Segni, Anagni, Ferentino, and Frosinone, all of which we had previously visited. Of Alatri, whose polygonally formed citadel outrivals anything of the kind, we were not sure. The visitor to Italy seldom realises that such things as Pelasgic remains exist, so I may be pardoned if I go a bit out of my way to illustrate the works of the old race that built, so ponderously and well, structures that look fitted to hold their places till the Judgment-day.

Reaching the main road again, below Ninfa, we found it straight and level, as far as the eye could see. We sped along so fast that I remarked to Mazzini on the merits of the car. Hardly had his reply, that she was a "gran buon macchina," been uttered, when the power gave out. Jumping out, we found a trail of

gasoline reaching backward out of sight. The outlet plug of the gasoline tank had fallen off and there we were, fifteen miles from nowhere, and no telling how much gasoline was left to us. Of course we immedi-

OUR RESCUER.

ately stopped the flow with hand and handkerchief. Mazzini ran back to see if the plug could be found. In the meantime our rescuer appeared in the shape of a little girl, carrying a water-jar. A promise of reward

gave us temporary use of her jar, into which we let the gasoline run. Luckily, what was left almost filled it and we had hopes of reaching Terracina. Mazzini failed to find the plug but the Professor and I had better luck, though not until we had given up hope. We had failed to allow for the great speed at which we were going when the mishap occurred. As we walked back toward the car, at a point nearly two hundred feet from the beginning of the gasoline trail, my foot struck something solid under the leaves at the side of the road. An instinct, gained while searching for lost golf balls, told me that it was no stone that I had struck,—and it wasn't. We started on again, hopeful that our fuel supply would be so favoured by the level road as to bring us to our destination. By good luck, it held out and we arrived safely.

Terracina, with its high promontory, upon which are the ruins of a temple of Venus, lies on the coast. Outside of a few remains of the Roman period, there is little of interest. Lunch and a new supply of gasoline were what we sought and we were successful. Lunch over, a walk along the shore gave us an interesting sight of the manner in which the town's washing is done. A clear, fresh stream, running into the sea, furnishes the water, and the rocks of the sea wall make an admirable drying-ground. After a brief visit to the cathedral, it was all aboard once more, an uneventful run bringing us back to Rome in time for a rest before dinner.

More than once in previous years I found myself on the point of starting for Subiaco, but something always turned up at the last moment to prevent. Now, however, a splendid day and an early start gave hope that the bad luck would vanish. From the Porta San Lorenzo we ran out into the campagna, by the rough road that leads to Tivoli. We cross the Anio, pass the *Aquæ Albulæ*, hot springs, redolent with sulphur,

A FOUNTAIN—TIVOLI.

used medicinally by the old Romans, and, farther on, come near to the celebrated ruins of Hadrian's villa, so often described as to permit mention only of the splendid cypresses. We were soon running up the winding road that leads into Tivoli. Here were olive trees that looked as ancient as the rocks among which they grew. Tivoli, with the beautiful gardens of the Villa d' Este, the Sibylline temple, and the cascades

of the Anio, must be left for another day. Straight through the town we went and on again, following the winding Anio, along whose valley runs the restored Marcian aqueduct, which, modern fashion, is seldom visible. Ruins of the old aqueduct, dating from 146 B.C., we had seen on the campagna. At the branch road leading to Arsoli, we turned to the south, passed the source of the Acqua Marcia, and crossed the newly built railway. To the right rose the high ridge on which lies the picturesque town of Canterano. Subiaco, with its prominent castle, now came into view. Before reaching it we turned to the right, crossed a stone bridge that seemed scarce calculated to bear the weight of the Fiat, and ran up the hill to the old church of San Francesco. We were seeking a *Madonna* by Antoniazzo. Over the high altar was a late and miserable *Madonna*, covered with glass. At the sides were panels with figures of Sts. Francis and Anthony which seemed close in style to our artist, but the *Madonna* we sought was nowhere visible. After much investigation, we discovered a cord at the back of the altar, which, when pulled, raised the miserable picture and showed beneath the attractive features that Antoniazzo gives to his Virgins. It may be noted that America possesses two works by this artist, one (signed) in Mr. Widener's collection, in Philadelphia, and the other recently in the collection of Mr. Eugene Fischof.

Subiaco itself contains nothing of interest. It was once the site of a favourite villa of Nero. To-day,

Nero is forgotten, while the saintly Benedict, who came here in the sixth century, grows in fame as time passes. A mile beyond the town, we leave the car and ascend on foot, past the three monasteries of Santa Scolastica, sister of Benedict, which are modernised and hold little for the visitor. Benedict, seeking isolation, retired to a cave, high up in the mountain's rocky face. At a very early period a church was built over the cave, close against the mountain. To this was added, in later years, a monastery. We come to an outer gate, beyond which a pathway, shaded by holm-oaks, beckons onward. The beauty of the place appeals to one. Did Benedict feel the attraction as he looked from his mountain-retreat down the valley that leads on to Rome, or did his ascetic mind refuse to dwell on any delights but those he deemed spiritual? The walls of the old church, or rather churches, for there are two, one above the other, are covered with ancient frescoes, of historic importance. Here we see a portrait of St. Francis, painted probably when he visited Subiaco, in 1216. Others show us the *Triumph of Death* and scenes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin, many of them antedating Giotto. The old confessional boxes interested us, each provided with a wand, with which the priest touched the penitent in granting absolution, an implement to which our attention was here called for the first time.

Leaving our Benedictine guide, we make our way down to the car. Crossing the Anio by a lofty bridge,

THE MONASTERIES—SUBIACO.

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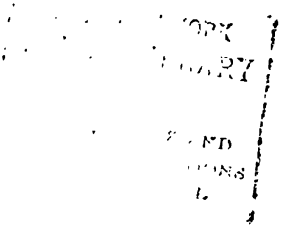
ENTRANCE TO MONASTERY OF ST. BENEDICT—SUBIACO.



we zigzag up the hill, with its high round-tower, pass the ridge and then in long windings hurry onward, the mountain road affording fine views. We wish it were anything but December, for the upland wind has a sting to it that makes us welcome picturesque Olevano. Before we reach the town, we pass the great oak-grove, known as the Serpentara, which, recently threatened with destruction, was saved through purchase by the German government, a fact that has given a Teutonic complexion to the place. Many are the framed testimonials of various sorts which the Albergo contains, telling of illustrious German visitors. The Emperor himself has honoured the place. Photographs of the occasion give one the same flavour as does the North Cape, sacred to the memory of William the Impetuous.

Olevano lies on a ridge, from whose top one gets a fine view. The view could not keep us, however, for we were ravenous and were soon impatiently seated in the upper salon of the Albergo Roma. Midwinter visitors are not numerous and we had to wait some time before our wants were attended to.

A group of *ragazzi* awaited our departure with interest. I managed to snap them as we started. Joining the old Præneste road at Ponte d' Orsino, we turned west and passed the mouth of the valley that leads up to Genazzano. Beyond Cave, with its backward look at snow-topped mountains, we had an altercation with a diligence driver who blocked our way,

keeping to the middle of the road and refusing to turn out and let us by. I ran beside him for a bit, while he argued that the road was too narrow to permit our passing. At the most cogent point of his argument, Mazzini managed to slip by and we sped away in triumph, while the passengers who filled the diligence poked fun at their Jehu. Palestrina, Præneste of old, flashed into sight with windows ablaze in the light of the sinking sun. A cross-road took us to the line of the

JUST BOYS—OLEVANO.

old Via Labicana, whence twenty miles of good going brought us home by the Porta Maggiore, Rome's most interesting gate. Built by Claudius in 52 A.D., as part of an aqueduct, it carried the "Aqua Claudia" and the "Anio Novus," one above the other, as we can see to-day. It was later incorporated in the Aurelian wall and became one of the gates of the city. Just

outside it, one sees the "baker's tomb," a remarkable monument, built to symbolise the baker's trade. The round-mouthed openings, supposed to represent measures for grain, are sepulchrally unique.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### NAPLES, SORRENTO, RAVELLO, PÆSTUM, POMPEII.

WE left Rome, finally, about the middle of January. For the last time we went through the Porta Maggiore. The familiar miles of the Via Labicana passed rapidly behind. It had been snowing in the mountains and all the heights behind Palestrina were gleaming white. We passed under Valmontone, with its picturesque palace belonging to the Dorias, and high-lying Segni, where once we had spent the night, and Anagni, where venerable Pope Boniface was taken prisoner by the French, whose leader committed sacrilege in refusing to grant the right of sanctuary to the cathedral's high altar, at which the Pope had sought refuge. Ferentino came next (its cathedral contains interesting Cosmato work), finely situated, with views outspread in all directions. To the left, over the hills, lies Alatri, of Pelasgic origin. The men and women of the district are fine-looking, the latter wearing huge gold earrings, head-dresses of white linen, zouave jackets in coloured silk, kerchiefs about their necks, and striped scarves tied round their waists; odd costumes, but very picturesque. Many of the men had their legs bound with tape. Some wore goatskin

trousers, with the hair turned outward. Shoes of wood were the rule, consisting only of soles with small leather toe-caps holding them precariously in place. Beyond Frosinone, fifty miles from Rome, the scenery became even finer,—high hills, sharp in outline and rock-grey, towns lying upon them in all impossible places,—until we came to Cassino and lunch.

The famous Monastery of Monte Cassino, founded by St. Benedict, lies high above the town. Time would not permit us to visit it, something that did not cause us great regret, as the buildings and the works of art they contain are comparatively modern and of little worth. For archivists, though, the old records of the institution are said to contain a mine of interest. The old castle of Cassino, with protecting walls running down toward the town, is very picturesque.

The forty miles to Capua contained little of interest. Had we known that we were taking our last look at a good road, we might have paid more attention to it. We had but just passed Capua (whose cathedral contains a *Madonna with Stephen and Lucy*, by Antoniazzo, with a colouring similar to the Minerva picture) when we encountered the worst, muddiest, most rutted and begravelled excuse for a road that it has ever been my fortune to travel. Twenty miles we had of it, all the way into Naples. Five miles from the finish we caught a puncture, but the mud was so deep that it was hardly necessary to fix it and we let it go. Naples at last, one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, brought

us relief. I was glad to see, a short time ago, that this beastly stretch was characterised, by the contestants in the Italian endurance contest, as the worst road on earth.

A calm night, with the moon's rays coming to us in a mirrored glory across the water, was a fitting ending to our weary day. We said good-night to Vesuvius,

MACARONI—PORTICI.

whose lava scars, glowing against the blackness, made the scene a weird one.

Let him who can wax enthusiastic over the beauties of Naples. I have never liked her, and never shall. Many things there interest me, but I like them in spite of Naples, not because of her. The beautiful bay, with its promontories and islands, with Vesuvius serving up natural wonders, strange to the American palate, with Capri's wondrous grottoes and Pompeii's frescoed

walls—one would think indeed that Naples were a name to spell enchantment. But the people—they have made of this paradise a hell, in particular a motorist's hell. If Naples be distasteful to the railway tourist, how much more so to the traveller by automobile. The roads of southern Italy are bad enough, but to reach even these, for the many excursions to the southward, one has to pass over the miles of pavement, filled with loitering beings, deaf to all sounds of warning, of the one long street that leads to Portici (with its masses of macaroni, hung by the dusty road to dry), Torre del Greco, and Torre Annunziata. Going westward from Naples to Pozzuoli, the way is no more pleasant, for the road is covered with scattered *breccia*, without which it would still be bad. It was here that we had a mishap that might have been serious. We were slowly passing a tram, when an old man (he proved to be eighty) stepped off the wrong side of the car and deliberately walked into our rear mud-guard. We were going very slowly, but the weight of the car, nevertheless, threw him to the ground, cutting his head and stunning him. We ran back and picked him up, thankful to find that he could speak. In short order he was placed in a cab and taken to a distant hospital, while we became acquainted with the Posilipo police-station. After a while, the judge came,—a very nice man, who took our depositions and those of several witnesses, who admitted that the accident was due to no fault of ours. The old man's wife put in an appearance. She was hysterical and

soundly berated the judge, when he tried to calm her. Later, word came from the hospital, by telephone, that the injury was nothing serious and that the patient would return in another hour. The judge told us that we must wait. "Why may we not run to Pozzuoli and back?" we asked him. "Impossible, you can't do it in an hour," he replied. The upshot was that we went, taking with us the judge and his nephew. A whispered warning to Mazzini to go slowly, else the judge would surely blame us for the accident, and we were off. Mazzini really did for once restrain himself, so much so that the judge wanted to know if we could n't go faster; whereat we went up the next hill and skidded around one of its loops in such a fashion that the judge cried out. The old man arrived at the police-station just as we came back. After a long parley with the old fellow we gave him a hundred francs as a present, the judge informing him that he had no claim on us whatever. I am afraid that the pleasure the nephew had in the ride made the judge over-partial to our side of the case.

The Naples Museum is full of fine things. The great story in marble that goes by the name of the *Farnese Bull*, the *Venus of Capua*, the many frescoes and mosaics and bronzes, above all, the bronzes, that have come from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, will bear a world of study. There are pictures here, too, of the Renaissance, and some are important. Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Lotto, and Parmigianino

are well represented, while the interesting Jacopo di Barbari appears in a recently discovered double portrait of himself and Fra Luca Pacioli, the celebrated mathematician.

Trips in the past to Sorrento and Amalfi had produced the idea that the roads there were excellent. Perhaps they are, for carriages, but they are so full of holes that an auto bumps you to death, unless it crawls along. We ran from Naples to Torre Annunziata and branched to the right to Castellamare. Here the road rises and runs along the cliffs, giving a splendid view of Naples and the bay. Vesuvius was smoking lustily. From time to time the wind carried the smoke down the funicular railway, run by Cook. By dire experience we knew how agreeable the sulphurous fumes were to the unfortunates who were attempting the ascent. We passed Vico Equense and Meta and soon reached Sorrento. Running beyond the town we lunched on the terrace of the Pensione Paradiso, a worthily celebrated point of view. After lunch we turned the corner of the peninsula and from near Massa Lubrense had a fine view of Capri. Returning as far as Meta, we ran up over the hills, rising above orange-groves, which looked strange with the great squares of matting placed over them as a protection from frost. The views were splendid, but not to be compared with those in store for us. Reaching the highest point we came out upon the southern slope, where the sun had worked his wonders. Few places in the world exceed

in beauty the slopes that look down upon the Gulf of Salerno. At the top of the ridge, high poles are set, which, in the season, carry nets, against which fly the quail which come from distant Africa on the wings of the Sirocco; a story true enough, no doubt, but of the sort that one would prefer to see enacted. We soon reached the road that runs along the cliffs on the southern side of the peninsula and passed Positano and Pra-

VALLEY OF ATRANI, NEAR RAVELLO.

jano. Near the latter we passed men and boys marching out with flags to greet a candidate for deputy, who was coming from Naples on a speaking tour. We soon met the electoral party, ten carriages strong, easily to be mistaken, in the distance, for Cook's tourists.

The cliffs above the road became steeper. Peach trees and wild-cherries, in blossom, gladdened our eyes. At familiar Amalfi we stopped a moment to indulge

ENTRANCE TO THE PALAZZO RUFOLO—RAVELLO.

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RAVELLO.

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our fancy for post-cards, and then, a mile beyond, turned into the climbing road that leads to Ravello. Until recently there was no carriageable road, our good friend of Siena being the first visitor to drive to the town. Remembering the enthusiasm of her reception, she had made us promise to spend a night there, rather than at Amalfi. The difficulty of the ascent was added to by the *breccia*, but we managed to reach the top in good fashion. The road leads through the valley of Atrani, whose lower levels are filled with groves of orange. Higher up, the thickly terraced slopes produce an abundance of grapes.

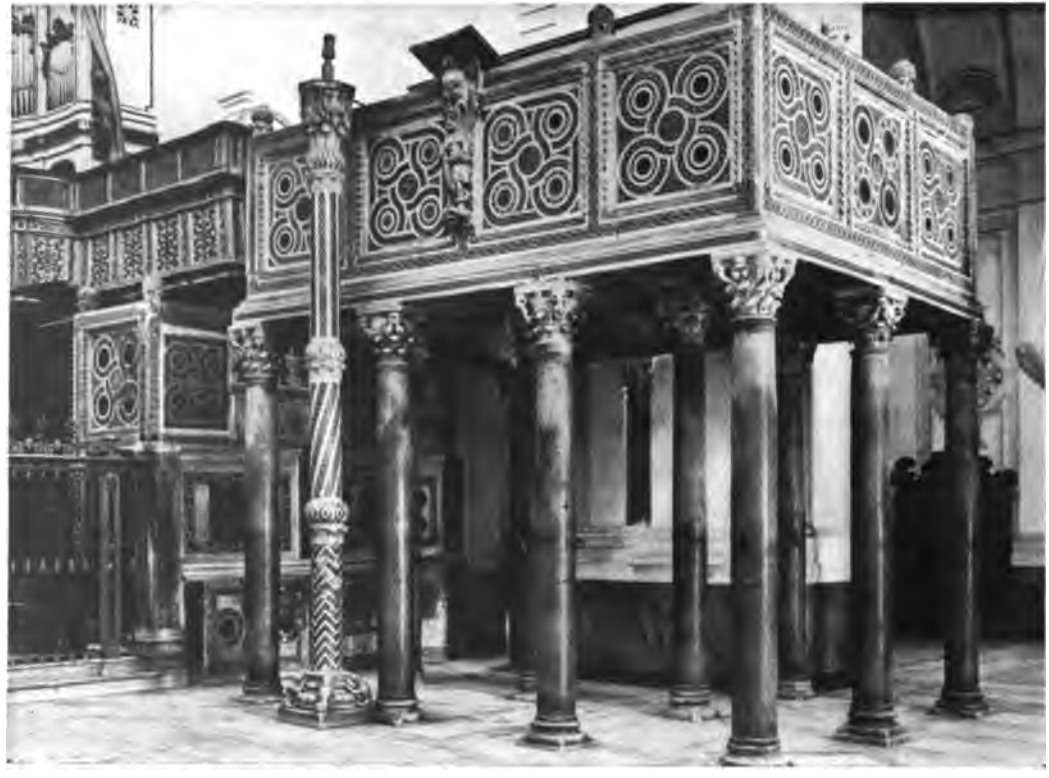
Ravello, from her height, seems almost to overhang the sea at her feet. Historians tell us that she was founded by the Normans and, at the height of her prosperity, rejoiced in a population of thirty-six thousand souls. There seems no room at the top for such a number, but we must hold our peace and trust all to Baedeker.

Reaching the top we were told that no automobile had ever spent the night there; that there was not even a stable in the town. We appealed to the mayor to grant us the hospitality of the cloistered entrance to the twelfth-century Palazzo Rufolo. In the absence of the owner, he was in charge and very kindly granted our request. That night the Fiat slept among shades of a past whose wisest seers never imagined the coming of such creations as automobiles.

Ravello is interesting for its relics of the Normans,

for its cathedral, built close to the days of William the Conqueror, with its old mosaic pulpit and episcopal throne; for the church of San Giovanni, with its picturesque belfry; but, above all, Ravello is interesting for its view, which is unsurpassed. One gets it best, perhaps, from the garden of the Palazzo Rufolo. I shall not try to describe it. The photograph, even without its colour, can do that better than I. One should go there and prove that Italy, in yet another field, outdoes other countries. Greece is pre-eminent for views that combine land and sea, but she holds nothing equivalent to the outlook from Ravello.

The Hotel Palumbo, once the episcopal palace, made us comfortable during our stay. Its chief functionary was the young maid-of-all-work, who welcomed the Fiat, rang up the mayor, and superintended the entry into the Palazzo Rufolo; who herself insisted on carrying our heaviest pieces of baggage, who showed us to our rooms, and who next day acted as our guide over the place, and, not content with seeing us off, occupied the seat next Mazzini all the way down the hill to Minora. Volubility itself, she chattered continuously in a mixture of English and Italian. She was attending school at Minora and her principal study was English, so she told us. Automobiling was her hobby. A kind gentleman had even taken her as far as Naples in his car. She certainly was a character for her years, which were fifteen. Mazzini seemed more than embarrassed at the proximity of the good-looking madcap.



THE CATHEDRAL AMBONE—SALERNO.

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The road along the coast proved unpleasantly rough, almost persuading us to turn north on the Naples road at Vietri, where we stopped for gasoline. The gasoline's proprietor was all smiles, but they failed to win us to his price of two lire per kilo. Leaving him in the lurch, we went on to Salerno, where a lira and a quarter was asked, equivalent, in America, to a dollar a gallon. We stayed at Salerno long enough to see the cathedral, with its splendid thirteenth-century pulpit and ambone, probably the finest examples of Cosmato work in Italy, and then, on the assurance that the twenty-five miles to Pæstum were over excellent roads, a statement that held fairly good, we were off again. At Battipaglia we turned to the right, leaving the main road that carries one to Reggio, the ferrying-point for Sicily, that excellent field for the autoist in search of adventure. Memories of Taormina and Syracuse, of Girgenti and Monreale, beckoned us southward, but we had to say them nay.

Pæstum's interest lies in its temples. For those who have been neither to Greece nor Sicily, it affords a passable example of Greek work, though the low situation of the place prevents any comparison, in attractiveness, with Athens, Bassæ, or Girgenti. The temple dedicated to Neptune, dating from about five hundred B.C., is the largest and most beautiful, with fluted columns of travertine that are nobly proportioned. Here, as at Girgenti, one deplores the use of the baser stone that compares so illy with the marble of Greece. The

Basilica and the Temple of Ceres, as the other two buildings are called, are less well-preserved and yet of considerable interest. The walls of the old town should be visited.

The less said of our run back to Naples the better. From Vietri, the road lay over the hills, through Cava

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE—PÆSTUM.

and down again, by Nocera, to Torre Annunziata. Such mud, such ruts, and such *breccia* we had never seen in unison. Sharp grades made it all the worse. We looked momentarily for a puncture, but it never came. Naples found us completely worn out.

Another day, properly the last of our motor-trip, took us to Pompeii, which lies in the plain between

the sea and Vesuvius, a short distance east of Torre Annunziata. Our interest centred chiefly in the recent excavations. The older work was familiar, through weeks of study on the spot, under the guidance of Professor Mau, the German expert, to whom all at Pompeii bow down. Owing to our past relation to him, the director gave us a permit which allowed us to watch the actual excavating. It proved interesting, more

THE GLADIATORS' QUARTERS—POMPEII.

as a matter of expectation than as to anything important that pick and spade unearthed. The attraction held us so long that we had time only for a walk through the old forum, through the streets whose stepping-stones form a feature so unfamiliar in these days, past the many shops where discoveries were made that added greatly to our knowledge of ancient commercial life. We had time for a glimpse only of the

baths, the theatres, the gladiators' quarters, and the various temples. Everywhere, as we wandered, appeared fragments of frescoed walls, painted in the style to which Pompeii has given her name. Once in a while one sees something really fine, but, for the most part, the work is monotonous and of that inferior quality which might be expected of such a provincial town as was Pompeii. Our guide's vivid description brought back strongly to my mind how much I had forgotten in a few years, but, I am glad to say, I remembered sufficient of Professor Mau's teachings to perceive that guides, even authorised ones, are apt to have elastic imaginations. Our guide explained everything. No question, however intricate, produced in him a moment's hesitation. He wound up with a masterly dissertation on the interior workings of Vesuvius and told of the catastrophe that overwhelmed the city in a way that showed great familiarity with—Bulwer-Lytton!

## CHAPTER XX.

### POSTSCRIPT—ROME TO TURIN.

AT last the day came when our steamer was scheduled to sail for Egypt. Mazzini was to take the car to Rome. Fearful of his recklessness, when held in check by no restraining voice, we made

CYPRESSES OF SETTIGNANO.

him solemnly promise to go slowly and carefully. Shortly after, we were steaming down the coast, passing to the inside of Capri, whose outline was gilt-tipped as the sun set behind it. Two months later we landed

at Brindisi and went by train, through unforgettable miles of flowering almond trees, to Rome. There

*Alinari photo.* *Monte Carlo.*

FRA ANGELICO—"ANNUNCIATION."

Mazzini met us and we hurried northward. With an early breakfast in Rome, we managed to reach Siena

for lunch, going to Viterbo over the hills and through the Ciminian Forest. From Montefiascone north to San Quirico, along the Lake of Bolsena and through high-lying Radicofani, we were on strange ground. Two punctures delayed us but we were only twenty minutes behind our schedule as we drew up to a friendly welcome at the Continental. From Siena, next morning, we made an interesting trip to Sinalunga and Lucignano, for which I have no space here. In the afternoon we went on to Florence by Poggibonsi and Tavarnelle, a way not so picturesque as that by Castellina, as we discovered on a subsequent trip. The run takes about an hour and three quarters, which rather puts to shame the railroad's three-hour schedule.

Florence gave us a week of interesting trips to Fiesole, La Quiete, and Settignano, to San Giovanni in Val d'Arno and to Monte Carlo. At the last named, in the convent church, is a little-known picture by Fra Angelico, an *Annunciation*, that rivals the contemporary one at Cortona. Above the opposite altar is a characteristic Neri di Bicci *Coronation.*

Florence had to be left at last. After spending a rainy morning in looking for pictures in the antique shops, we took advantage of a somewhat clearing sky and at twenty minutes to one were off by the Porta San Gallo. In mounting the hill to Fiesole, we went somewhat out of our way, but we wanted one last look back at the town that was so dear to all our hearts, and the valley road would not give it to us.

Crossing the hill behind Fiesole and going on for a distance, we joined the main road at Borgo San Lorenzo, situated in a splendid upland plain. This district, known as the Mugello, is a very fertile one, in spite of Ruskin's calling it barren. It was here that Giotto was born.

We were soon crossing the Casaglia Pass, at a height of three thousand feet. The road was muddy, and at

PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL—BORGO SAN DONNINO.

times, to make things interesting, we ran through banks of fog. Marradì, "where all the thieves in Italy are born," was the next town. The twenty miles from there to Faenza were on lower ground and the mud grew worse, making fast time an impossibility. At that, half-past four found us at Faenza, where we turned into the Via Æmilia. An hour of better going brought us over the thirty miles to Bologna. The

WAITING FOR A TRAIN TO PASS—NOVARA.

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Asinelli loomed into view and we were soon passing under it and drawing up at our friendly Hotel Italia.

Next morning, after a bit of sightseeing, we were off at eleven. Two hours, through the mud, brought us to Parma. After lunch, a rapid round of the gallery helped to cement our friendship with its many attractive works. Correggio attracts strongly at times, yet one wonders, after long contact with the earlier men, whether real admiration for Parma's protean genius is not misplaced.

Borgo San Donnino was our next stop, which lasted long enough for an inspection of the old church, from which Bertoni's illness had previously debarred us. It proved interesting. The primitive stiffness of the sculptures adorning the portals makes them attractive.

From San Donnino to Piacenza the road was in fair shape but from Piacenza to Milan it was awful. The ruts were deep and very hard to get out of, once we slipped in. The strenuous work resulted in the breaking of a chain, which delayed us half an hour. We reached Milan at half-past seven, with poor Mazzini almost worn out. It certainly had been a hard day.

Two days later, we ran by way of Novara and Vercelli to Turin. The road was very bad. Six months before we had travelled it, in part, and it had been excellent, though dusty. Now, the dust was made mud and the winter's frost, unknown to the roads farther south, had produced a pretty fair imitation of some of our American unspeakables. Novara has two fine

Gaudenzios. Vercelli gave us an opportunity to visit again the works of the same artist. As on our first visit, it was Sunday afternoon, and the same young girls, forming the choir, were practising the same plaintive hymn as they had months before. It tied the ends of our trip together and made us sorry that our good time was over.

At Turin we left the Fiat to be overhauled, before shipment to America. It had done its work well, better than we had ever supposed possible. It grieved us to part with Mazzini, the more so as we had to read him a very severe lecture. For Turin, where our car was registered, brought to light the fact that, in spite of all promises to go slowly, Mazzini had been sufficiently reckless, in going from Naples to Rome, to kill a mule! "Yes, I hit a mule," he said, when taxed with it, "but he got up again and went about his business." Our poor lightning conductor! The veterinary's certificate left him no recourse but silence.

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